

PETERSBURG PUBLIC LIB



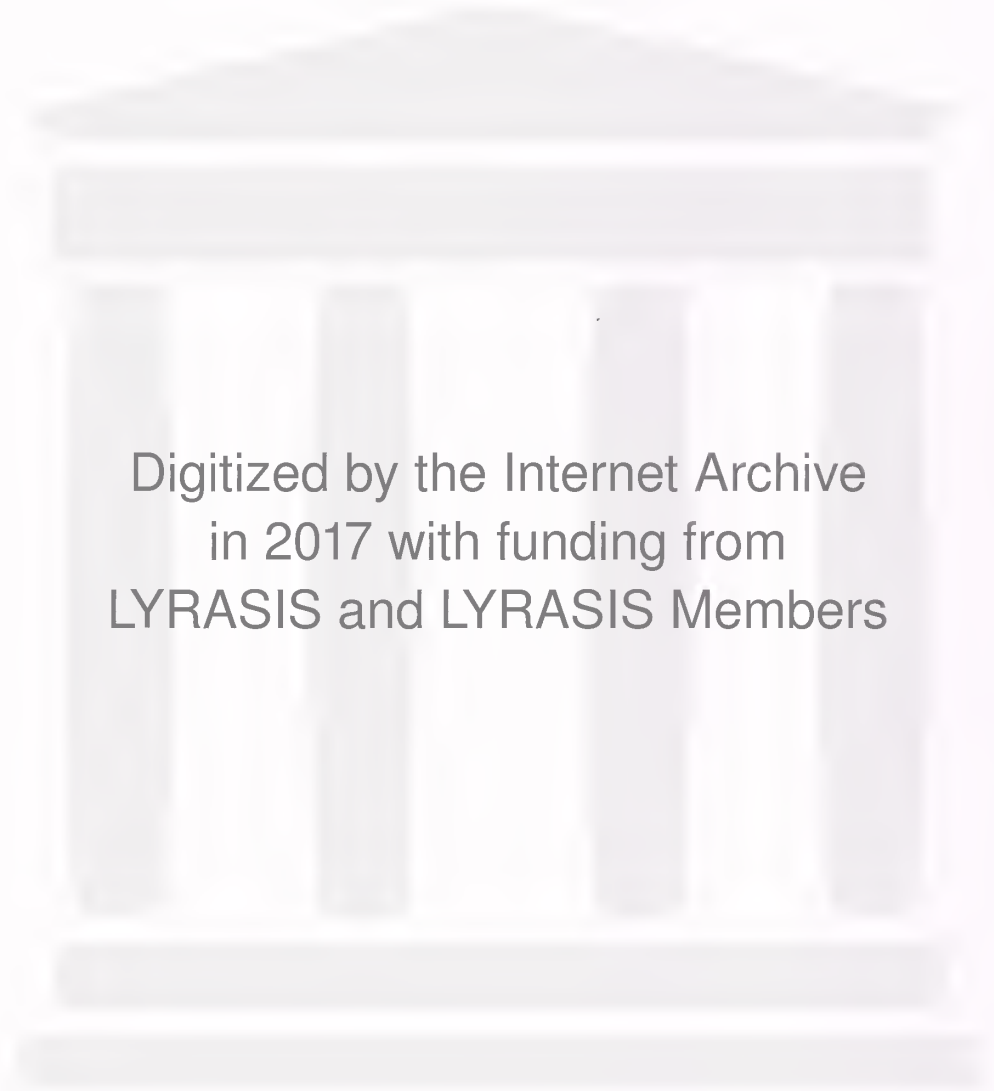
3001 9100 063 643 1

Res Rm
050
M691
(1937)
c.1

Petersburg High
School.
The Missile.

Petersburg Public Library
Petersburg, VA 23803-4257

APC 1 m
052
176
(1937)
C.1



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
LYRASIS and LYRASIS Members



THE MISSILE

MAY, 1937



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VA.

THE MISSILE P

VOL. XXV

PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1937

No. Two

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Staff	3	Punishment	Peggy Talley 41
Senior Pictures, Organizations, Cartoons.		My Pet Aversion.....	Jacqueline Short 42
When the Rose is Dead.....	Alice D. Jones 5	The Eternal Question.....	Virginia Richards 44
The Dance.....	Helen Payne 12	Time	Marguerite Warren 44
The Crater—1865.....	Patricia Lindsay 13	Sidetracked	Joel Andrews 45
The Crater—1937	Marjorie Holt 16	A Confederate Soldier's	
Beauty Is Truth	Anne McCann 19	Reminiscenses	Sophie Wice 48
Summer Madness		The Moon	Leona Whitmore 50
Evening Peace		Slurp, Slurp	Helen Payne 51
Moon Legend		Alone	Ben Hill 52
Pilgrimage	Jacqueline Phillips 21	Escape	Natalie Lavenstein 53
Apples	Aggie Mann 25	Youth's Dreams	Helen Mayes 56
Musings	Peggy Miller 26	A Virginia Boy's Experience,	
The Battlefield		1864-65	Alice D. Jones 57
School Days		Easter Morning	Genevieve Moody 60
Spring		Dizzy	Ben Hill 61
When I Beheld the Crimson Sunset		The Passerby	Mildred Clements 62
The Moon	Rebecca Baugh 28	Friends Though Divided.....	John Hardman 63
"Remembrance of Things		As We Like Them	67
Past"	Alice D. Jones 29	"The Street of the Fishing Cat," by John	
The Moon	Marjorie Holt 32	Foldes. Reviewed by Alice D. Jones.	
The Joy of Spring.....	Mary Wilson 33	"Audubon," by Constance Rourke. Re-	
Concentration	Anne Frank 34	viewed by Anne McCann.	
Midnight in the Crater		"Heads and Tails," by Malvina Hoffman.	
Museum	Clarence Mangum 35	Reviewed by Jean Owens.	
Reveries	Bess Windham 36	"General William Mahone," by Nelson	
Meditation By the Sea		Morehouse Blake. Reviewed by Patricia	
Evening Reverie		Lindsay.	
The Hero of the Crater.....	Harry Kauffman 37	Advertisements	75
Pathway of Life.....	Franklin Poole 41		
Prayer	Nowland Pittman 41		

Issued twice a year, in January and May, by the students of the Petersburg High School,
Petersburg, Virginia.

Subscription Rates: 50 cents per year; 35c January issue; 50c May issue.

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF ----- HARRY KAUFFMAN

Assistant Editors:

JACQUELINE PHILLIPS
PATRICIA LINDSAY

MARJORIE HOLT
ALICE JONES

JEAN OWENS

BUSINESS MANAGER ----- OSCAR CLARKE

Assistant Business Managers:

HELEN SEWARD
HELEN PAYNE
PEGGY TALLEY

LEWIS CLEMMER
HENRY ALLEY
REMMIE ARNOLD

CIRCULATION MANAGER ----- ROBERT TEMPLE

Assistant Circulation Managers:

SOPHIE WICE
SARA FARBER

KENNETH TIPTON
LINWOOD HAYES

LILLIAN HARRISON

ART EDITOR ----- WILLIAM CROWDER

Art Staff:

J. FLETCHER SMITH
DOUGLAS WINBOURN
ANNE FRANK

ROY SMITH
JOHN TUCKER
ROSE DUNN

Photograph Committee:

JACQUELINE SHORT, Chm.
LEON ALEXANDER

BESS WINDHAM
BEN MOODY

+ + +

FACULTY ADVISERS

Literary:

MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, Jr.

Circulation:

MISS BESSIE M. HALL

Business:

MR. WILLIAM W. READE

On Graduation

By Bess Windham

*The footsteps we've followed fade away;
Our guide in silence watches near,
And something beckons—yet we stay
And linger hesitating here.*

*These are the things that have held
us bound—
Friends and teachings that now we
know;
What word of parting can be found,
What tiny thanks to whisper low?*

*Our eager eyes look forward now—
New bugle calls ring in our ears,
But suddenly we know somehow
It could not be without these years.*

P.H.S. Class, 1937



FRANCES ELLIS



JEAN OWENS



MARGUERITE WARREN



MARION SIMMONS



BETTY WILCOX



ROY SMITH



FRANCES LUSK FORD



PEGGY MILLER



JOE WHITTLE



CATHERINE WATT



DOLLY BURCKHARD



MARJORIE MANN



LEON ALEXANDER



EMMETT HOY



HELEN MCILWAINE



DORIS KIRKLAND



GRACE LORD



PEGGY TALLEY



DENNIS ROBERTSON



WILLIAM TAYLOR



PEARL ALBOTT



VIRGINIA BROWN



THEDA SNEED



CHRIS HEINEMANN



ELLEN RIDOUT



ROSA WILLIAMS



BOBBY LYON



MARJORIE HOLT



ANN MCCANN



BEN MOODY



LUKE MCLEOD



LUCILLE ELLIS

Summers
S.C.

Julie

P.H.S. Class, 1937



EVELYN PERDUE



FRANCES HARTMAN



MAURINE PARHAM



MADRIE AVENT



SOPHIE WICE



LOUISE WELLS



LUCILLE WILSON



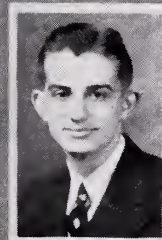
JESSIE SPARKS



RUBY DUMBANT



LELIN SPRICKLAND



ROGER PARRISH



RACHEL CLAYTON



ELIZABETH SARAH



VIRGINIA RICHARDS



FRANCES BARRETT



DENNIS COGLE



MARY L. HALL



RANDOLPH BISCOE



JOHN COX



ROY PETTY



MARY L. HORD



ELIZABETH CLAYTON



MARY ANNE LANE



RACHEL BOWMAN



ANNIE ALDRIDGE



MARY WILSON



LIDA SMITH



HELEN FARMER



THELMA STARNES



FLORRIE SADLER



NAN ANDREWS



MARY TUQUA SMITH

P.H.S. Class, 1937



EVELYN DUELL



GERALDINE AYERS



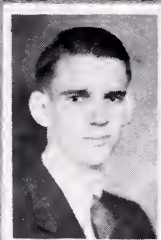
LILLIE HARWELL



HELEN SEWARD



HELEN VAUGHAN



KENNETH TIPTON



EVELYN READE



INEZ PIERCE



GARLAND HARVILL



WILMOTH PERKINS



PATRICIA LINDSAY



LEONA WHITMORE



LEWIS BAXTER



JOHN FRANCONI



GENEVIEVE MOODY



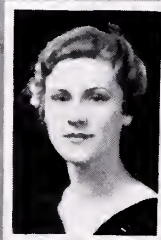
CHARLOTTE BEVILLE



LILLIAN HARRISON



ALMA TUCKER



DORIS VAUGHAN-LIND



FLORENCE JOHNSON



LOUISE MONTZITH



FRANCES FYLER



ROSE DUNN



MURRIEL RICHARDSON



RICHARD BRISTOW



HARRIS DANIEL



HELEN PAYNE



RUBY MAYES



SAM MOORE



EVELYN LUCAS



ELIZABETH McMANIS



WALTER DAVIS

P.H.S. Class, 1937



DANCE YARBOROUGH



ALICE JONES



FRANCES PRITCHETT



JERRY WATT



CLAUDIA MORRIS



HENRY DOWLING



IRENE LOWLETTE



WINIFRED KERR



MARION HOOKS



CHARLOTTE FOND



ELIZABETH DAVIS



JANE PERKINS



IRVING GOULDER



LEE ROY HEATH



ELLEN BROWN



JUDITH ROSE



WILTON STAPLES



LUCILLE ATKINSON



WILLIAM LUKSFORD



ARTHUR KING



PAULINE FREDERICK



JOHN TUCKER



WOODSON WILMORE



ELMER MCKESSON



ELIZABETH THORNTON



VIRGINIA HARTLE



CARL MARTIN



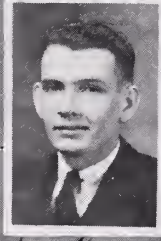
LLOYD SULLIVAN



LORINE TAYLOR



JAMES WALTON



JULIAN NUNALLY



MARGARET BOWMAN

H.S. Class, 1937



PETE NELSON



ELSIE STEGER



RACHEL SMITH



NOWLAND PITTMAN



OSCAR CLARKE



BESS WINDHAM



DWIGHT BEAZLEY



EDWARD SPIERS



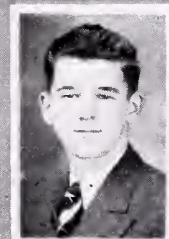
JACQUELIN SHORT



SELDEN ROBERTSON



JULIAN STEWART



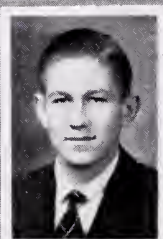
BOLLING SHELLEY



CHARLOTTE ANDREWS



JANE WILLIS



FRANK FARRIS



CHARLES MCCURDY



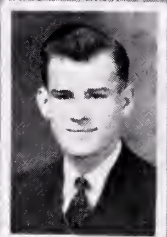
ALVIN PARRISH



VIRGINIA FRASER



HARRY KAUFFMAN



CURTIS WALLACE



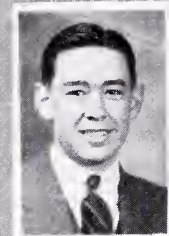
ALICE DODGE



WILLIAM GRIMMER



MILDRED CLEMENTS



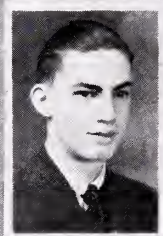
WILLIAM TURNER



ROSALIE COBERLY



MARY MELVIN



FRANKLIN PORTER



BETTY COOK



RANDOLPH MADISON



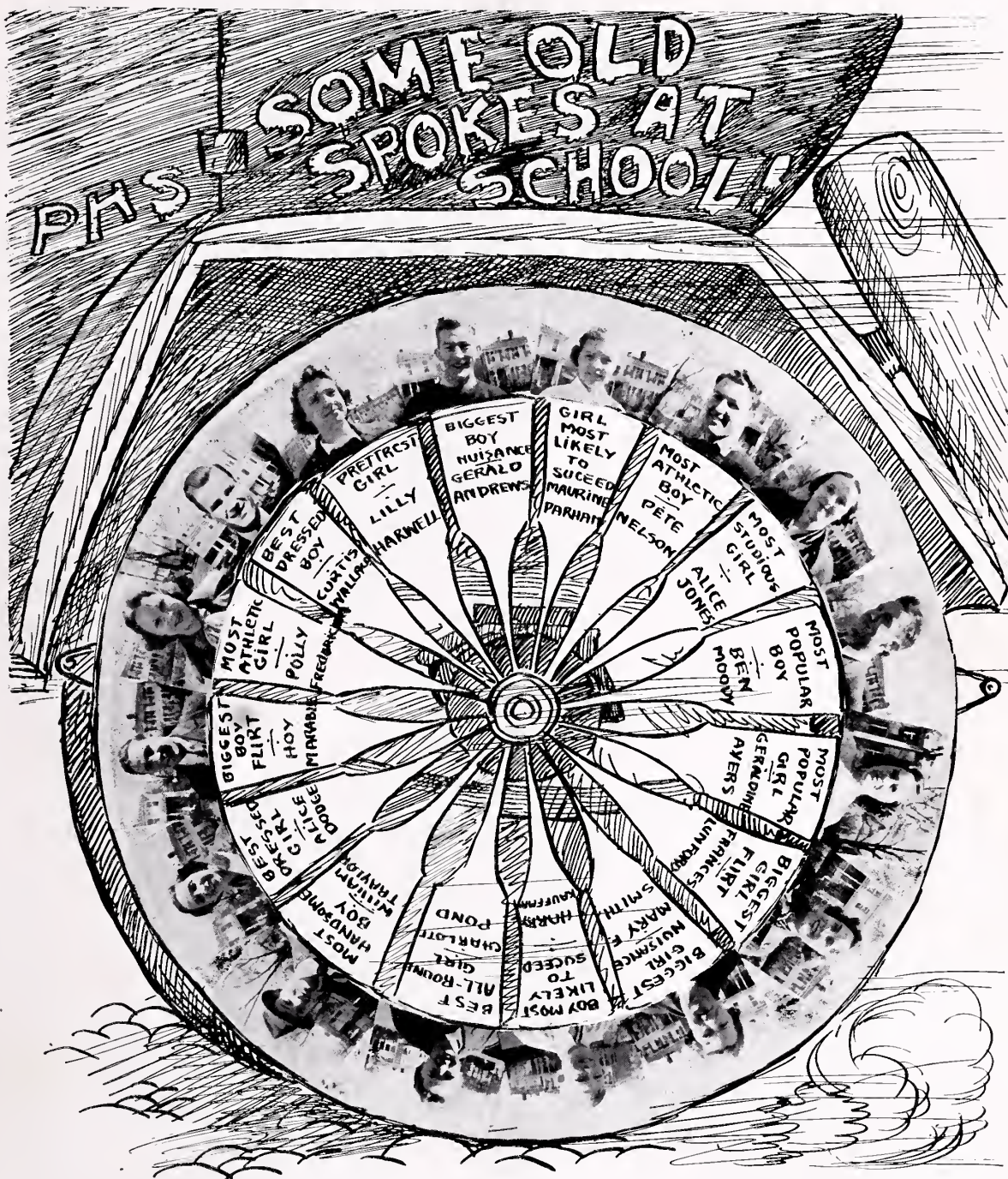
KENNEDY O'FARRELL



PAULINE PARRISH



BERNARD SKELTON



STILL GOING STRONG

*William
C. 37*



Chairman ----- Jerry Wyatt

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:
Helen Seward
Jerry Wyatt
Jacquelin Short

Second Row:
Peggy Miller
Harry Kauffman
Alice Jones

Not in picture: Maurine Parham, Kenneth Tipton.

Senior Committee

Missile Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Harry Kauffman
Business Manager	Oscar Clarke
Circulation Manager	Robert Temple
Art Editor	William Crowder
Faculty Advisers	Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
	Miss Bessie Hall
	Mr. William Reade

STAFF:

First Row:
 Jacquelin Phillips
 Jean Owens
 Marjorie Holt
 Harry Kauffman
 Alice Jones
 Patricia Lindsay

Second Row:
 Oscar Clarke
 Helen Seward
 Rennie Arnold
 Henry Alley
 Helen Payne
 Rose Dunn
 William Crowder

Third Row:
 Winifred Kerr
 Robert Temple
 Sophie Wice
 Sara Farber
 Lillian Harrison
 Linwood Hayes
 John Fletcher Smith

Fourth Row:
 Mr. Reade
 Miss Hall
 Anne Frank
 Roy Smith
 John Tucker
 Mr. Miller

Not in picture: Peggy Talley, Lewis Clemmer, Charles Heinemann, Kenneth Tipton.





Principal ----- Mr. H. D. Wolff
 Assistant Principal ----- Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
 Clerk ----- Miss Eula B. Beasley
 Librarian ----- Miss Evelyn V. Robertson

First Row:
 Gladys Wilkinson
 Elsie Ribble
 Annie Boisseau
 Lucy Pileher
 Louise Moseley
 Roby Newton

Second Row:
 Nannie Cooper
 Mary T. Perkins
 Lelia Huddle
 Margaret Lewis
 Sallie Guerrant
 Charlotte Gilliam
 Ruth Phillips

Third Row:
 H. D. Wolff
 Lucie Grossmann
 Nettie Leftwich
 Louise Wolff
 Bessie Hall

Fourth Row:
 Pinckney Powers
 Horace Nims
 Howard S. Holmes
 Frances Browning
 Ethel Spear
 Kenneth Erfft
 H. Augustus Miller, Jr.

Fifth Row:
 William Reade
 Howard Freas
 William H. Caldwell
 Eula Beasley

Not in picture: Inez Wells, R. C. Day, Elsie Burnett, Laura Meredith, Mae McIvor, Evelyn Robertson, Easter Souders.

The Faculty

Student Council and Auxiliary Council

President ----- Jerry Wyatt
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Kenneth Tipton
 Faculty Adviser ----- Miss Mae McIvor

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:	Second Row:
Aubrey Gill	Eugene Marable
Jerry Wyatt	Charles Spain
Miss McIvor	Addie Cole
Jean Owens	Katherine Spivey
Roy Smith	Louis Wellford
Robert Gill	Fred Lee
Raymond Daniel	Harry Hartman

Third Row:
 Charles McCurdy
 Eugene Kidd
 Irvin Owen
 Joe Foltz
 Pinekney Powers
 W. J. Moore
 Ben Moody

Not in picture: Alice Pitts, Kenneth Tipton, John Van Landingham, Elsie Laffoon, William Weeks, William Crowder, Charlotte Pond, Lester Mann.





President ----- Anne McCann
 Vice-President ----- Helen McIlwaine
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Joe Edens
 Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. D. Pinckney Powers

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:

Anne McCann
 Shirley Turner
 Betty Cook
 Helen McIlwaine
 Joe Edens

Second Row:

Jerry Wyatt
 Frances Lunsford
 Helen Mason
 Jane Wills
 Margaret Langfitt
 Frances Johnson
 Edward Ayers

Third Row:

Hilda Powell
 Anna Belle Brown
 Helen Gilliam
 Nellie Burt Wright
 Aggie Mann
 Anne Frank
 Aubrey Gill

Fourth Row:

Nowland Pittman
 Leon Alexander
 Billy Plummer
 Alton Beleher
 Dick Carmine
 Simmons Trueheart
 Mr. Powers

Not in picture: Herbett Levitt, Eugene Marable, Herbert Reames.

Daniel Literary Society

Page Literary Society

President ----- Helen Seward
Vice-President ----- Rennie Arnold
Secretary-Treasurer ----- John Jones
Faculty Adviser ----- Miss Lucie Grossmann

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:

Frank Myers
Jean Hood
James Traylor
Betty Willcox
John Jones
Helen Seward
Rennie Arnold
Peggy Miller
Emmett Hoy

Second Row:

Philip Kinsey
Elizabeth Townsend
Ben Hill
Marie Kevan
Dolly Harrison
Pat Booth
Julia Meade Wilson
James Matthews
Marshall Johnson

Third Row:

Louis Wellford
John Thompson
Roy Smith
Dorothy McAden
Joe Whittle
Randolph Munt
Mark Holt

Fourth Row:

West Holden
Leroy Roper
Miss Grossmann
Pineckney Powers
Emily Lewis
Jacquelin Turnes





President -----	Jean Owens
Vice-President -----	Alice Dodge
Secretary-Treasurer -----	Sophie Wice
Faculty Adviser -----	Miss Annie Boisseau

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:
 Patricia Lindsay
 Jean Owens
 Alice Dodge
 Kenney O'Farrell
 Frances Parham
 Sophie Wice

Second Row:
 Rosa Williams
 Hannah Heath
 Alice Jones
 Lillie Harwell
 Lois Sandler
 Eloise Parks
 Sara Farber

Third Row:
 Miss Boisseau
 John Van Landingham
 Mason Romaine
 Oscar Clarke
 Leon Parker
 Jacqueline Short
 Sinclair Wommack

Fourth Row:
 Sam Cotten
 Morton Spero
 William Traylor

Not in picture: Henry Alley, Mary Beckwith, Anne Boswell, Lewis Clemmer, Armand DiNubila, Gene Jones, William Russell, Sue Ritchie, Anne Madison.

Miller Literary Society

Hi-Y Club

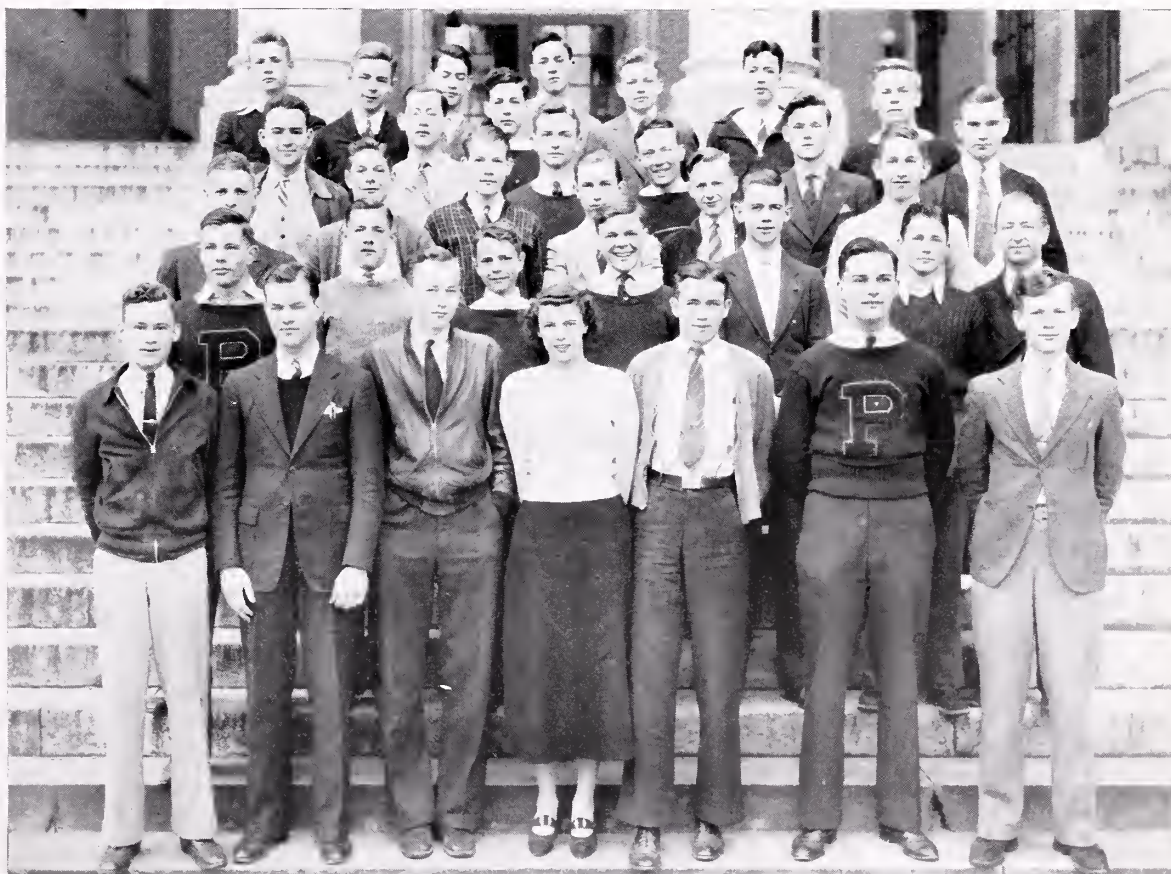
President	Alton Belcher
Vice-President	John Jolly
Secretary-Treasurer	Jerry Wyatt
Sponsor	Marie Faison
Faculty Advisers.....	Mr. Kenneth Erfft, Mr. W. H. Caldwell

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:	Second Row:	Third Row:
Bolton Williams	Jimmy Matthews	Randolph Munt
Jack Rogers	Gerald Ayers	James Traylor
Edwin Hunter	Billy Moore	West Holden
Marie Faison	Irvin Owens	Raymond Daniel
John Jolly	Leon Alexander	J. B. Jackson
Alton Belcher	Philip Kinsey	Leon Parker
Jerry Wyatt	Mr. Erfft	

Fourth Row:	Fifth Row:
Ben Hill	Nowland Pittman
Roy Smith	Joe Whittle
Dwight Beazley	Remmie Arnold
Harry Hartman	Leslie Ridout
Curtis Reynolds	Sam Cotten
Louis Wellford	Sinclair Wommack
	Leroy Roper
	Pinekney Powers

Not in picture: William Traylor, Edward Ayers.





President ----- Helen Seward
 Vice-President ----- Helen McIlwaine
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Peggy Miller
 Faculty Adviser ----- Miss Lucy Pilcher

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:	Second Row:
Betty Cook	Peggy Miller
Shirley Turner	Anne Frank
Helen Seward	Jane Wills
Frances Parham	Marie Kevan
Helen McIlwaine	Frances Johnson
Dolly Harrison	Elizabeth Townsend

Third Row:
 Betty Willcox
 Lillie Harwell
 Mildred Clements
 Hilda Powell
 Miss Pilcher
 Frances Lunsford
 Kenney O'Farrell
 Nellie Burt Wright

Not in picture: Dorothy Clements.

Square Circle

Dramatic Club

President ----- Kenneth Tipton
 Secretary-Treasurer ----- Mary Alice Hull
 Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. Kenneth Erfft

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:	Second Row:	Third Row:
Sara Hopkins	Martha Porter	Maxine Pentecost
Frances Parham	Katherine Woeffler	Eloise Parks
Charlotte Allbright	Mary Alice Coberly	Mary Allbright
Sara Farber	Jane Talley	Frances Royall
	Rebecca Baugh	Mary Alice Hull
	Martha Harville	Frances Crumpler
Fourth Row:	Fifth Row:	
James Traylor	Joseph Balderson	
William Dunbar	Irvin Owen	
Remmie Arnold	Joe Rosenfield	
Nowland Pittman	Mr. Erfft	
Jerry Wyatt	Ben Hill	

Not in picture: Dorothy Harrison, Mary Ann Shortt, Leroy Roper, Charlotte Reynolds, Bernice Beasley, West Holden, Alma Tucker, Jane Reese, Mary Beckwith, Anna Belle Brown, Helen Gilliam.





President ----- Elizabeth Davis
Vice-President ----- Ellen Ridout
Secretary-Treasurer ----- Frances Pritchett
Faculty Adviser ----- Miss Roby Newton

MEMBERSHIP:

First Row:

Geraldine Ayers
Martha Harville
Elizabeth Davis
Ellen Ridout
Murrell Richardson

Second Row:

Sue Phillips
Charlotte Andrews
Evelyn Reade
Hannah Andrews
Charlotte Pond
Frances Hartman

Third Row:

Miss Newton
Nell Pritchett
Louise Andrews
Alice Pitts

Not in picture: Frances Pritchett, Charlotte Beville, Mary Melvin.

O. G. Club

Cheer Leaders

Head Cheer Leader ----- Peggy Miller
Faculty Adviser ----- Mr. H. S. Holmes

CHEER LEADERS:

First Row:	Second Row:
Rosalie Coberly	Billy Plummer
Helen McIlwaine	Charles Spain
Peggy Miller	Mr. Holmes
Virginia Carterette	Emmett Hoy
	Ben Hill





Coach ----- Mr. R. C. Day
 Asst. Coaches ----- Mr. Louis Simonson, Mr. Henry Brockwell
 Manager ----- Bruce Bryant

TEAM:

First Row:
 Rufus Mitchell
 Woodrow Nelson
 Hoy Marable
 Simmons Trueheart
 Robert Gill
 Aubrey Gill
 Gerald Andrews
 Lucas McLeod
 Alton Belcher
 Eugene Kidd
 William Evely

Second Row:
 Dennis Cogle
 Ben Moody
 Wm. Traylor
 Carlton Slate
 Jimmy Matthews
 Harry Hartman
 Edward Ayers
 Lewis Marks
 Venable Johnson
 Leon Alexander
 Dennis Robertson
 Louis Wellford

Third Row:
 Bobby Lyons
 Alexander Jacobs
 Lester Mann
 Wilfred Mann
 T. T. Musgrove
 Webster Whitten
 William Laffoon
 Jack Rogers
 William Radcliffe
 Edward Collins
 James Doyle

Fourth Row:
 Morton Spero
 Joe Andrews
 Harold Minetree
 Marvin Bass
 Dick Carmine
 William Weeks
 Chas. Walthall
 John Jolly
 Shirley Clarke
 Stanley Sherman

Not in picture: Franklin Poole.

Football Team-1936

Basketball Team

Captain ----- Woodrow Nelson
Coach ----- Mr. R. C. Day
Asst. Coaches ---- Mr. Louis Simonson, Mr. Henry Brockwell

TEAM:

First Row:

James Doyle
Hoy Harable
Woodrow Nelson
Aubrey Gill
Leon Alexander
William Traylor

Second Row:

Eugene Kidd
Edward Ayers
Harry Hartman
Edward Collins
Alexander Jacobs
Shirley Clarke
Edward Marshall





Coach ----- Miss Inez Wells
 Manager ----- Lillie R. Harwell

TEAM:

First Row:

Margaret Burgess
 Vera Munford
 Pauline Frederick
 Charlotte Pond
 Charlotte Beville
 Frances Hartman
 Paige Birdsong
 Doris Bernard
 Mary Brown
 Ellen Wilkinson

Second Row:

Julia Meade Wilson
 Margaret Elder
 Dorothy Pond
 Dorothy Talmage
 Virginia Lockett
 Frances Parham
 Dorothy Wilkerson
 Jacquelin Turnes
 Emily Lewis
 Charlotte Allbright
 Hannah Heath
 Eloise Parks
 Lillie Harwell

Not in picture: Maurine Parham, Irene Rowlett, Mae Fitzgerald, Marguerite Eanes.

Hockey Team

Varsity Basketball Squad

Coach ----- Miss Inez Wells
Manager ----- Forest Sadler

TEAM:

First Row:	Second Row:
Jean Owens	Doris Bernard
Frances Hartman	Forest Sadler
Mary Brown	Paige Birdsong
Margaret Collier	Pauline Frederick
Mary Albright	Dorothy Pond
	Charlotte Pond

Not in picture: Charlotte Albright, Gladys Evely, Ellen Wilkinson, Dorothy Wilkinson, Eloise Parks, Frances Parham, Hannah Heath, Jacquelin Turnes.









THIS & THING
IS FOR THE
GIRLS I
LEFT OUT!

William
Crowder
21

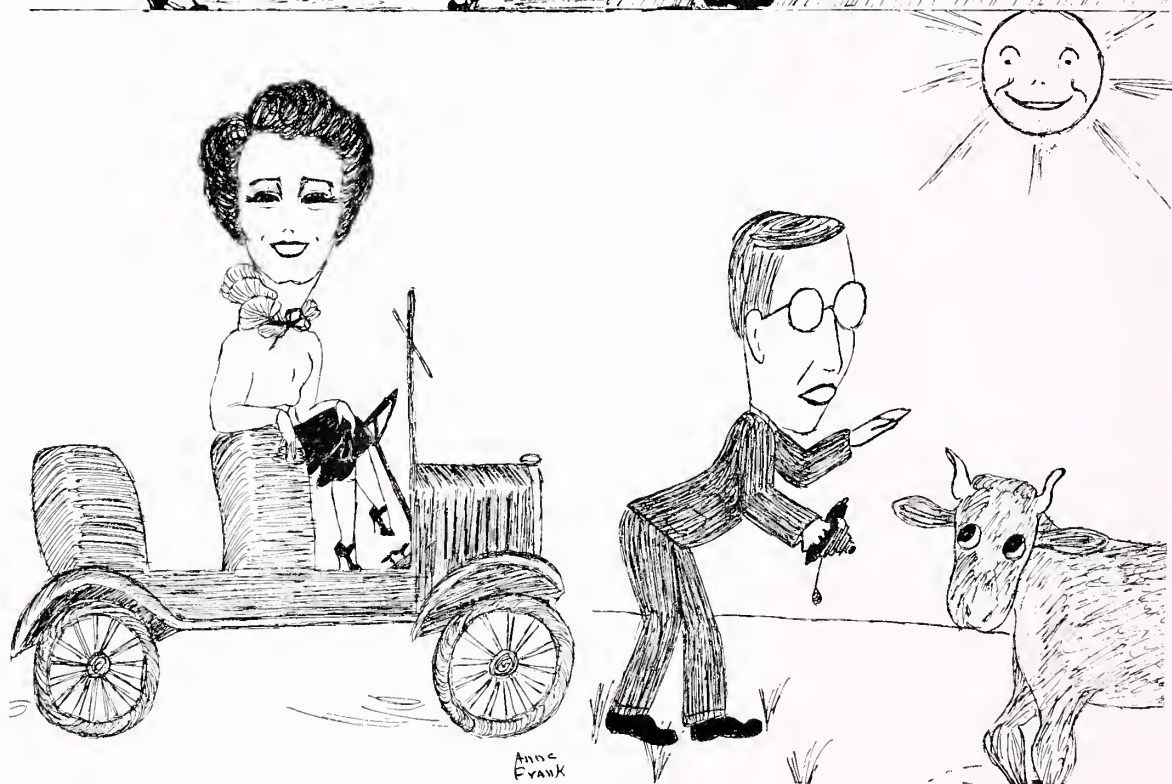
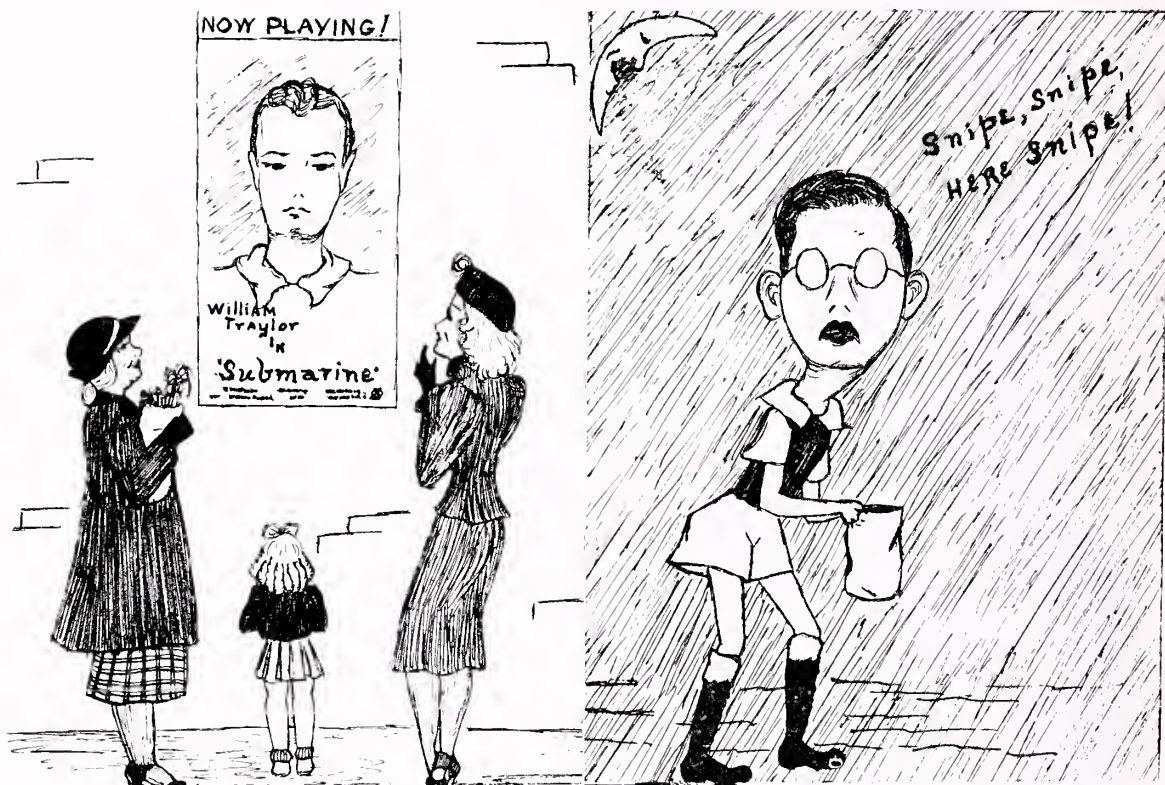
? ? ?



?

?

?





WHOOZIST PUZZLE: SEE IF YOU CAN FIND ONE OF THE NAMES BELOW IN ABOVE CARTOON.

JOE Whittle
Billy Russell
Betty Willcox
Peggy Miller
Alice Jones
Denis Cogle
Lillie Harwell
WILLIAM TRAYLOR

FRANCES LUNS福德
Helen McIlwaine
CHARLES HEINEMANN
Jerry Wyatt
Kenny O'FARRELL
V. JOHNSON
BESS WINDHAM
BENJAMIN MOODY



WHOOZIST PUZZLE 0000 #2

Betty Willcox
Peggy Miller
LEON ALEXANDER
WILLIAM TRAYLOR
Helen SEWARD
JOE Whittle
BESS WINDHAM
JERRY WYATT

BENJAMIN MOODY
Kenny O'FARRELL
Denis Cogle
NOLAN Pittman
JACQUELINE SHORT
"RED" MADISON
Charles Heinemann
Lillie HARWELL



WHOOZIST PUZZLE ... #3

FRANCES LUNS福德
Helen McIlwaine
WILLIAM TRAYLOR
"RED" MADISON
V. JOHNSON
ALICE JONES

JOE Whittle
JACQUELINE SHORT
NOLAN PITTMAN
JERRY WYATT
Billy Russell
LEON ALEXANDER



WHOOZIST PUZZLE ... #4

WILLIAM TRAYLOR
ANN McCANN
PEGGY MILLER
DENIS Cogle
"RED" MADISON
JACQUELINE SHORT

JERRY WYATT
Helen SEWARD
Betty Willcox
CHARLES HEINEMANN
Lillie HARWELL
Helen McIlwaine

Autographs

Autographs

Autographs



“When the Rose Is Dead”

By Alice D. Jones

HER NAME
CASTLE DOUGLAS - 1725



ALWAYS, from the day she was born, Heather Douglas had been a surprise to Sir Hector. Like his ancestors before him, Sir Hector was respected and feared by every one—and loved by none. The moody, proud Chief of Clan Douglas was more astonished than anyone else when his month-old daughter reached out her arms to him. As he awkwardly held the tiny bundle, there was born in the heart of this arrogant man, who had never loved before, a lasting passion.

Sir Hector's temper that matched the flame of his Douglas red hair had been aroused because his son, three years older than this



new baby, was blond, shy, and in mortal terror of his father. Wilful Sir Hector resolved that his daughter should be none of these. She was not, but neither was she the anthesis of any of these characteristics.

The woman who was Sir Hector's wife (she could never be other than "Sir Hector's wife," for her quiet shyness seemed the more pallid in contrast to her husband's arrogant vitality) interrupted Sir Hector's reverie, saying faintly, "She will be like the heather on the moor." And a few moments later this shy woman died as quietly as she had lived.

Only then did Sir Hector decide to name his daughter Heather, and it was the first time he had ever yielded to one of his wife's modest wishes.

THE FLOWER OF CHILDHOOD

Heather was growing up as beautiful and untamed as the Highland flower whose name she bore. With her fair face and dark hair, she looked like one of the Sidhe, the fairy folk who once lived on Highland moors and will live forever in Gaelic hearts.

She was Highland, thought Sir Hector with pride, and a true Douglas. As she learned to talk, Heather's first words had been in Gaelic, and, as she grew older, she kept her early love of the old speech, which is almost poetry.

Although Sir Hector would have neglected his son in his pride in his daughter, Heather never forgot Ian. When she sat at the fire-place opposite her father every night, it was her requirement that Ian be there too. Those times were the happiest of Ian's days; for he loved his sister, and his generous nature never resented his father's obvious favoritism.

These nightly gatherings began after Sir Hector discovered his daughter's love of the old Highland legends. It happened when he once saw her in the school room; her eyes, misty and changeable as the Highland tarns, shone with a rapt, far-away look; her long white hands, fragile against the dark Douglas tartan, moved in rhythm with her voice. She was holding Ian and his tutor spell-bound as she told the old, old stories of Black Douglas and the other Highland heroes. So Sir Hector had decided that he would tell her other legends.

Heather's education had been incongruous, to say the least. Sir Hector let her have her way in this as in most things; so, when with characteristic Douglas temper, she refused to learn to embroider, her father yielded. The governess who was to teach Heather this lady-like pastime was dismissed, and Heather studied with Ian and his tutor. In Latin and Greek she kept up with her brother; but, declaring mathematics was stupid, she would have none of it.

When Ian learned to fence, nothing would do but Heather must acquire this accomplishment too. When Sir Hector, no mean swordsman

despite his forty years, found his daughter could more than hold her own against him, he determined that none but the best weapon would do for her. As the hereditary Douglas Claymore descended, of course, to Ian, Sir Hector brought to Heather from Italy a beautifully wrought Ferrara blade with a jeweled hilt.

There was no old tradition of the Highlands that Heather did not love. She would walk all day over the wet, grey moors and return at night with a wild exultation in her eyes and a wild rose bloom in her cheeks. Or on rainy days she and Ian would sit in the piper's hut listening to the wild skirling of the pipes.

OF THE COMING OF THE PRINCE

June, 1745.

In the summer of 1745 Heather's cousin, Alan Macgregor, came to Castle Douglas to consult his kinsman about supporting the Jacobite cause. Sir Hector answered stiffly that of course a Douglas had always stood by his king, and that he would uphold the tradition of his ancestors. But he added sadly: "It is madness for the Prince to come to Scotland without French help; still, I have given my word that Clan Douglas will support him."

"All Scotland will flock to his standard when they see him. He has all the attraction of Mary Stuart," said Alan Macgregor quietly; yet his voice shook slightly with his intense emotion.

"Let us hope and pray that he will have better fortune than his ill-starred ancestress," put in Sir Hector gravely. Then he asked, "Will the Macgregors rise for Prince Charles?"

"You know they will, Douglas; we are his kinsman and were the first to swear fealty to him," declared the young Macgregor proudly.

To all this Heather listened breathlessly. She had made her father tell over and over of his meeting with the Prince in Italy. Already she knew of the charms of the Bonnie Prince Charlie, Scotland's "Yellow-haired Laddie."

After dinner, Heather and Alan stood by the loch watching the flaming glory of a Highland sunset. Then he spread out his plaid for her and sat down beside her, the bright scarlet of his Macgregor kilts contrasting sharply with the blue green Douglas tartan of her dress.

"I am envying you, Alan," Heather said eagerly, "for you will fight for the Prince. How wonderful it would be to help drive the Elector's son from St. James' and see the true king 'have his ain again,' as the song says. Oh, I would I were a man and could fight for Charlie!"

Her voice trembled with eagerness, but Alan Macgregor only smiled his slow, grave smile and answered, "It will indeed be a grand thing."

Then they both looked at the sunset. Its flame of glory had turned the loch into a lake of blood. Heather cried out in Gaelic, "It is an evil omen surely. How can you be so sure of victory, Alan? Charlie is a Stuart, and he will have the ill-fate of all his race, and Scotland, all of us, will be dragged down to disaster." She spoke in a low, clear voice that sounded like a prophecy. Yet because there were tears in her eyes, Alan Macgregor asked her to marry him.

The next weeks were filled with confused preparations for the wedding, for Alan Macgregor wanted to take his bride to his home in Edinburgh before he went to meet his Prince.

In July once again a Macgregor and a Douglas were married. Heather, lovelier than ever in white velvet, wore, fastened on her shoulder with the famous Douglas jewel, a satin plaid that had the Macgregor tartan on one side and the Douglas on the other. In her ears were two of the flawless black pearls that Mary, Queen of Scots, had given to that Douglas who had lost lands and fortune in her cause. Clasped about her neck, as white as they, was a string of pearls, her husband's gift.

THE WHITE ROSE

August, 1745.

The day was warm, and all Edinburgh was in a fever of excitement, for today the Prince was coming. Heather Macgregor stood at the window beside her husband's sister. In the street the crowd swelled, and the shouting rose. Heather caught her breath; here was a romantic figure indeed: golden-haired, blue-eyed, proud, and intelligent-looking, the Prince was a figure to appeal to the poetic Gaelic heart.

The women flung red roses at him, and the crowd cheered wildly. But Heather, leaning from the window, threw a wild white rose like those whose sweet, deep fragrance blows on the moors. In all the world there is never a rose so sweet—nor with so many thorns as this, the emblem of the House of Stuart. The Prince leaned gracefully from his saddle and caught the rose, bowing to Heather as he did so. Her face was white with excitement, and, as he passed, she said to her sister-in-law, changing the Gaelic saying, "Young he is, and fair he is and would be crowned a king."

A few days later the Prince left, and Alan Macgregor was with him. Again his wife declared enviously, "I wish I could fight for him, too."

Her husband smiled slowly and said, "There's no chance of that, Heather."

But he was wrong.

"DOUGLAS, DOUGLAS"

Ian Douglas, who was also in the Prince's army, came to the Macgregor house in Edinburgh late one night of the following fall. After Heather had greeted him and heard news of her husband and her father, she said, "Tell me why you have come, Ian. I know that it must be very important that you are here so late."

"It is important, Heather, very important," her brother replied. Then hesitating, he asked slowly, "You would do anything for the Prince?"

"You know that I would," she answered quickly. "Is there a way that I can serve him?"

"Yes, but it is a dangerous, daring thing to do."

"That will but add zest to the doing of it," she declared, throwing back her head. "Tell me what it is, Ian. Tell me quickly."

"Some one is needed to carry messages to the chiefs, far away in the Highlands, who are loyal to the Prince. These messages are too valuable to be written for fear of the bearer being captured by the English, so some one must be found who can carry them unwritten. And," he added dejectedly, "God knows no one can be spared from our small army."

"Oh," said Heather, and her eyes were shining, "Oh, Ian, I would go. Where can I get information as to where to go?"

A fortnight later, Heather, dressed as a boy, was riding over a place called Culloden Moor. She always remembered its dreary desolation and how the wind swept over it in eerie gusts. She clung to her horse's reins with stiff fingers, her body cramped with cold and weary beyond measure. She carried the Prince's messages over the Highlands no matter what the weather. Sometimes she slept in some lord's castle, sometimes in a poor ghillie's hut; but oftenest, wrapped in her plaid, she lay on the heather-covered moors.

In the early winter, hopes for the Stuart cause rose again. The Prince himself was at Holyrood Castle, and Jacobites in Edinburgh were enjoying a round of festivities such as the old Castle had not seen since Mary's time.

At one ball Alan Macgregor interrupted his wife as she was dancing and drew her outside in the corridor.

"The Prince would see you, Heather," he said quietly, and her heart fluttered with excitement. Pointing to a door down the long corridor, Alan said, "You are to go in at once."

Heather stood for a moment before the door as she gained her breath and smoothed the dark mist of her hair. Then she opened the door. The one candle's flickering light showed the Prince's head outlined clearly against the dark paneling of the wall. He was writing at a desk on the

top of which lay a white rose like the one Heather had thrown to him in the summer. Looking up, the Prince caught sight of Heather. She made a low curtsy and would have dropped to her knees, but the Prince caught her hands and raised her, saying, "No, Lady Macgregor, it is I who should kneel to you." Looking at her hands, which he still held, he said, "Here is evidence of your devotion to the cause." For Heather's hands were scratched and torn by brambles.

Heather bowed her head and said, "My service has been very small compared to what I could wish to do for your Highness." Then, because that sounded such a commonplace thing to say to so glamorous a prince, she began to sing softly:

"'Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling,
The young Chevalier!'"

Laughing, he replied by singing:

"'Hush ye, hush ye, ye little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye,'"

adding, "Not very appropriate, I grant you; but it was the only Douglas song I could think of, aside from the one I've scratched on this, which I hope you will accept."

As he spoke, the Prince placed in her hand a miniature of himself, on the gold frame of which were written the words: "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

He continued, "Once you gave me a white rose, and I have it still. Now please wear this one for me." Saying which, he tried to pin the rose at her breast; but as he did so, one of its many thorns scratched her white skin, and they both stared at the tiny line of blood on the whiteness of her breast.

Being Highland, too, the Prince said, as though in a dream: "It is an ill omen. How can I be glad when so much Highland blood has been shed for me? They will regret I came."

"No Highlander will ever do that," she replied, and, curtsying again, she turned and left. Yet neither of them dreamed how the Prince's prophecy was to be fulfilled.

THE LAST BATTLE

September, 1746.

After the terrible defeat at Culloden Moor in April, the Prince had lain in hiding in the glens and caves of the Highlands. And Ian Douglas lay at Castle Douglas slowly recovering from a wound received at Culloden, where his father had been killed.

But at last the Prince could escape to France, and Alan Macgregor was one of the small guard to accompany him on his way to Flora MacDonald, who was to take him to Skye.

Returning from church, Heather, bravely dressed in crimson satin, was startled to hear the ring of steel in the great hall at Castle Douglas where she was staying until her husband's return. Hidden by the heavy arras, with horror she saw Ian, his back against the wall, fighting with an English soldier.

She heard the soldier's voice: "Damn you, I know the Pretender went this way, and you can't keep me here for long." It was quite true; for Heather saw that Ian's hand was pressed against his side, and that his shirt was stained with blood. His breath came in gasps and his feeble blade resisted less and less the swift movements of the red coat's sword.

Heather dared not say a word, for to distract Ian's attention would have been fatal; but her thoughts raced frantically. Ian could last but a few moments longer. There was not time for her to get her sword, and, if she tried to take his own, the soldier would probably run him through. Raising her head, she saw Black Douglas' Claymore that was hanging on the wall. With a tug she snatched down the unwieldy weapon, and, just as Ian, unconscious, slipped to the floor, she faced the British soldier, sword in hand. He gave a startled exclamation, but his stupefaction did not last long enough for Heather to gain an advantage.

The man was no mean swordsman, and Heather soon discovered that there was a great difference between fencing in her boy's clothes and in a dress with a hoop skirt and train. Also her high-heeled slippers cramped her feet, hampering her quickness and lightness on her feet—the best point in her fencing method. But worst of all, the heavy Claymore had already tired her wrist used only to the light rapier.

Desperately, she fought on though, watching always for an opening when she could break through the Englishman's guard. The long swords clashed again and again. At first Heather had sung lightly the battle cry of the Douglas, and she had thus succeeded in enraging her opponent so that he began to fight wildly; but now she saved her breath. She kicked off her restraining slippers, but afterwards regretted it, for she constantly tripped over her dress, which the removal of the high heels had made longer.

Finally she parried her enemy's stroke with a force that sent him back and gave her the opening she had desired. The heavy Claymore entered the man's shoulder. With a cry of rage and pain, he rushed upon the girl. Heather, thinking it would at least take him a moment to re-

cover, had retreated until her back was against a table. Leaning against this support, she was going to rest her hand on it. As she did so, something pricked her fingers, and involuntarily she looked to see what it was. One of her beloved white roses lay on the table. In this unguarded moment her opponent threw himself upon her. Reeling, he drew out his reddened sword, and Heather, staggering, took one step and dropped to the floor near her brother's still unconscious body. She gave a long shuddering sob and lay quite still, a dark red staining the brighter crimson of her bodice.

ROSE LEAVES

At that moment Alan Macgregor was saying good-by to his Prince. Suddenly Prince Charlie drew out of his pocket a faded rose, saying, "Give this to your lady, Macgregor. It's almost as wild and lovely as she."

Then the little groups of Highlanders watched their Prince depart, never to set foot on Highland heaths again.

Now as he stood there holding the dead rose, Alan Macgregor felt a sudden gust of wind. Looking down, he saw the rose's leaves fluttering to the ground.



The Dance

By Helen Payne

The dancing flame on the hearth
Is a maiden full of grace
Who lithely twists and bends
With laughter on her face.
Before admiring eyes
She dances here and there
On the tips of her twinkling toes
Without a single care.

In her dress of brilliant orange,
Scarlet, and palest blue
She's whirling down the stage
And beckoning to you
To join her in her frolic
And match her lively pace.
But lo! Her dance is over
And others take her place.

The Crater - 1865

By Patricia Lindsay



AFTER the second battle at Cold Harbor, General Grant moved his army across the James and placed his position at City Point on June 12, 1864. General Butler was already established at Bermuda Hundred and the Federal troops numbered a little over one hundred thousand.

Lee crossed the Chickahominy with seventy thousand men and placed his troops in a semi-circle protecting Richmond from the east and north sides of the James. Several skirmishes took place between the opposing forces, but the actual siege of Petersburg didn't begin until June 19th. Immediately, Generals Wright and Birney made an attempt to gain possession of the Weldon Railroad but were foiled by General Mahone of Petersburg. However, Wilson succeeded in tearing up a part of its tracks endangering the Confederates' food supply.

Then Grant made a feint at Richmond to draw Lee away from Petersburg while at the same time a mine was exploded in front of Burnside's corps. The exploding of this mine marked the beginning of probably the best known of all the battles fought around Petersburg during its siege.

Lieutenant Colonel Henry Pleasants, a mining engineer, belonging to the Forty-Eighth Pennsylvanian Volunteers, which was composed mostly of miners, proposed this mine to his division commander, General R. B. Potter, who in turn submitted it to General Burnside. Burnside favored the plan, but it was opposed by all the military engineers in the Federal headquarters chiefly because a mine of such length had never before been constructed in military operations. Although Colonel Pleasants had official sanction of his plan, he had no official support and complained bitterly of lack of assistance.

Despite all this, the mine was begun on June 25th, about a hundred feet in the rear of the advance line of Union works and behind a slight rise in the ground. The object of the mine was to blow up Elliott's Salient, a Confederate fort which held a strong position in the Confederate front lines. The work was carried on at night and under severe difficulties partly because great care had to be taken that the Confederates did not sight the freshly dug earth in the morning.

However, all during July the opposing forces knew the Federals were mining. It was a fact discussed and accepted. Reports concerning it were vague, but there must have been some sort of information, more or less definite, for about the first of July Lee ordered counter mines to be

sunk around Elliott's Salient. Unfortunately, these were dug on the right and left flanks of the battery, and the mine was so silently built that the Confederate scouts never suspected its proximity.

On July 23rd the mine was completed, and the work of placing the powder and tamping began. On the 28th the whole project was in readiness to be sprung, and on the 29th orders were received from headquarters to fire the mine at 3:30 A. M. on July 30th. At three-fifteen the fuse was lighted but nothing happened. Finally, at four-fifteen, Lieutenant Jacob Douty and Sergeant Henry Reese of the Forty-Eighth volunteered to go in and locate the trouble. These two men with Colonel Henry Pleasants were the heroes of the Crater as far as the Federals were concerned. They found that the fire had gone out where the fuse had been spliced; relighting it, they crawled out and at sixteen minutes of five the mine exploded.

Approximately two hundred seventy-three men were killed in the Crater explosion, among whom were two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg Battery. The hole made in the Confederate lines was an opportunity untold for the Federal forces when Burnside made the colossal mistake of sending Ferrero with his negro regiment into the break directly at the heels of Ledlie's men. Drunk and curious, instead of going straight on through the Crater, they stopped to examine the enormous hole and clambered over the sides pulling out dead and dying Confederates. They walked right on over the heads of Ledlie's troops.

In the meantime Lee sent orders through Colonel Charles Venable for Mahone to mobilize his regiment for a counter attack. His men dropped back one by one as if for water so that Warren in the watch towers behind the Federal lines kept reporting to General Meade that not a man had left his post. In single file the Virginia and Georgia brigades crept up between the negroes in the Crater and Cemetery Hill. Mahone reported to Beauregard in person. Informed that Johnson would assist in the attack with the outlying troops, he rode far towards the front to estimate the number of Federal troops by the Union flags flying over the Crater. He immediately sent his couriers back to bring up the Alabama Brigade. It was a grave responsibility, but Mahone was a bold man.

Just then General Weisiger saw a single regiment of Ledlie's men emerge from the Crater and begin to form on the outer rim of the Crater. Raising his saber, he shouted the single word, "Forward!" and the line charged. Mahone was in the lead, his sword held high--yelling and encouraging his men forward. Lee and Beauregard from their position in the Gee House saw the whole struggle.

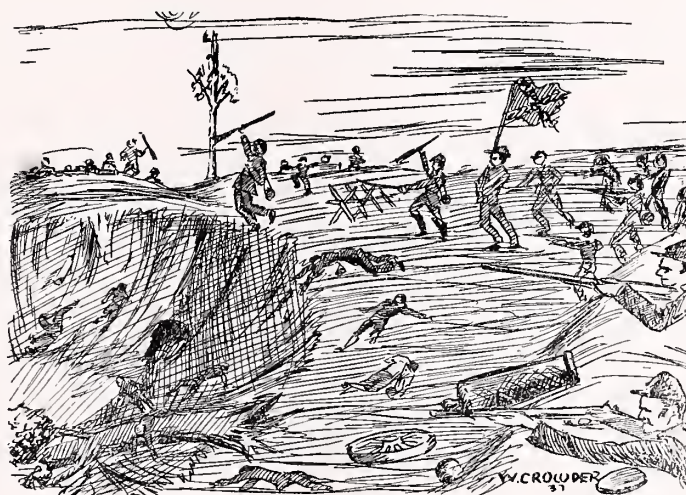
For four hours one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War waged in all its fury. Finally, the attack was given up and Mahone's men rested

on the lower crest of the Crater watching the bombardment by the Confederate batteries. The slaughter was terrible; screams and agonized cries rent the air rising from the death hole of the Crater.

Mahone was organizing his men for a second attack when the pitiful remainder of the Federal regiments raised a white flag and surrendered. The Federal loss was estimated at four thousand men and the Confederate at one thousand.

For his magnificent performance Mahone won enduring glory and received the stars of a major-general.

The Battle of the Crater served only to postpone the inevitable end. Grant's plan was to work always to the left, battering at Lee's forces until they were worn thin. At last on April 2, 1865, Sheridan broke through at Five Forks while General Pickett commanding that position was at a clam bake. Lee fell back, advising Davis to evacuate Richmond. At Appomattox Court House, on April 9, 1865, Lee gave up his sword to Grant, and the Confederate cause fell into oblivion.



The Crater - 1937

By Marjorie Holt



CAVED-IN TUNNEL, a large hole in the ground surrounded by a circle of pine trees, a warm, round sun, and a breath of spring-time composed the picture that lay before my eyes, but somehow I felt that I had missed something. The things that I have mentioned didn't complete the picture. I knew that; but what was lacking? After thinking a long time, during which time the guide was talking without my hearing his words, it finally dawned on me that I had taken the spirit of this expedition in the wrong way. This was no business matter to be met in a business-like way, but a glorious historical matter to be met in a mood entirely different from the one I had assumed.

All was silent. Even the guide had gone away disgusted. He took me, I suppose, for an idle, nosey person who cared nothing for historical facts and who had an absolutely blank expression. Anyway I was left alone to dream, to think, to see anew what had once appeared to be a drab piece of landscape. By dreaming I felt that I might find the missing link. Indeed I found it in what I saw while dreaming.

The tunnel was caved in as before, but it was more than that. There was something beautiful about its faded clay and decaying ruins. Its strong outlines had assumed an almost rhythmical tilt. It had accomplished its purpose.

It runs approximately 510 feet underground and from 30 to 40 feet beneath the surface of the ground. When it was new, there was a framing in it to prevent the soil from falling in. This framing was made from the old Baxter Road Bridge. Some of the framework is still there, but most of it has decayed making the tunnel unsubstantial and dangerous for anyone to prowl through. At the 42-foot level there was a room consisting of a 28-foot shaft and two small rooms for planting the powder. Of course those rooms were where the crater is now.

The crater, marked with furrows caused by a recent rain, spoke of sadness and sorrow, but its present serenity refused to hear of evil things of long ago. This place where almost 300 men had lost their lives was peaceful now. Everything, even the pines above, seems peaceful and quiet. There wasn't a sound.

Then just as quiet as its surroundings a gentle breeze played across my cheek, and for no reason at all I turned my eyes in the direction from which it came. There on a mound by the edge of the brink, waving to and

fro in the breeze, was a small white flower. I called it a wild white violet, but its real name I didn't know. Like me, it was watching alone a scene of great disaster but unable to comprehend its significance because of the present beauty that was all about. One flower, where hundreds may have been before, and one lonely, small brain where hundreds better equipped had been before had undertaken the great task of paying reverence to and commemorating hundreds of brave dead. It was such a pretty little flower, one small circle of white surrounded by green.

My dream was growing deeper. I no longer saw the crater or "my" pretty flower but a rolling plain. Men were working feverishly with sticks, bayonets and cracker boxes, digging a tunnel, and carrying the useless dirt into the ravine. For twenty-eight days they worked like fiends and at last they were ready. The wind was blowing high while on this eastern hill all was quiet and still. Then deep in the ravine a fuse of five hundred feet was lit to blow this Salient to bits. At dawn the mine went up, sending soldiers, trees, and earth high into the air. The horror lay before me, an awful debris. There were many men, some dead, some dying, an arm here, a leg there, bits of clothing and equipment. The air was filled with moans of dying men. The sight of such butchery made me weak. A solemn bitterness rose within me against those men who had torn a beautiful landscape and left so many dead or dying. I shook myself. The picture was too vivid. I shouldn't be thinking of such things now. It is today and the past has gone.

Someone has told me that the original gap left by the explosion was approximately 170 feet long, 80 feet wide, and 60 feet deep, but I could plainly see that it wasn't over 30 feet deep now, for mother Nature with her wind and rain was slowly filling it in. Somehow I felt that it would be better if the scene of crime were demolished so that only the memory might remain.

There before me was the pit which had fantastically become a delicate lace pattern fit for any king's table. This was caused by the pines above my head. Slowly the pattern lengthened, went beyond the pit, and then grew indistinct. So intently had I been following this patterned fantasy that I hadn't realized that the tops of the pines had hidden the sun; but when my dreaming ended, I heard a robin singing in one of the gentle, calm trees above my head, and a frog in the distant hollow was sending forth his merry chirps.

Suddenly there was a familiar sound above, and looking up I saw floating above the tree tops on silver wings man's bird. The late afternoon sun set it ablaze with light; it burned an instant; then it was gone. It had

left an impression upon my mind; for without being told, I knew that the next time there was a siege upon Petersburg everything would be blown down instead of up.

Quite a different place today is this scene of past horror. It is a place where one may dream undisturbed.

I looked beyond the circle of pines. There were green, rolling fields, a patch of woods, and a house or two fading in the dying sun.

As I walked away I felt that I had seen and felt more than could be described. The beautiful calmness of the place had overwhelmed me, its horrible memories had stunned me, and the crater itself had left an everlasting impression upon my heart and mind.



Beauty Is Truth

By Anne McCann

Summer Madness

O let me stride where Summer calls,
Midst Mother Nature's spacious halls;
For when I see the year's high noon,
When it comes along some day in June,
I can't endure these binding walls.

Let me roam through meadows green,
By lofty trees and lakes serene;
The winding road ahead is free—
I need no splendid golden key
To unlock with joy each passing scene.

Perhaps my steps will pause awhile,
The evening end of a weary mile.
I fling myself in a great oak's shade
To hear a night bird's serenade,
And I watch sweet Cynthia's radiant smile.

But I'll not seek cold gusts of rain,
And snow that forms an icy chain;
I'll shut my windows, bar my doors,
And from my hearth hear winter's roars
Till Spring hangs out the leaves again.

Evening Peace

There comes a time in late afternoon,
The end of a typical day in June;
All nature seems to sense, and be still,
The birds, the brook, the trees on the hill.
The crimson sun gives way to the moon.

We bid farewell to the last bright ray,
And the sheltering blanket of dusk gains sway.

From one dark home, a piercing beam,
Then all the town begins to gleam;
The worker is home from his long, hard day.

This is the time of quiet and rest;
This is the hour that God loves best,
When He gives to the weary peace and repose,
Comfort and strength to face all foes,
And wisdom to know tomorrow is blessed.

Moon Legend

An angel fell out of heaven
(While walking forbidden ways).
God took away her splendor,
Left only feeble rays.
She, formerly so perfect,
Was forced to serve mankind,
To help a sinning race
Their weary ways to find.
So if on the face of the moon
A sweet, sad smile you see,
That is the explanation
The moon gave me.

Pilgrimage

By Jacqueline Phillips

"**I**T is divine, Betty,— everything, just as I've imagined so often since this visit was planned. You see, Bradley had told me about these wonderful magnolia trees, the boxwood hedge, and the cedar lane. But there is something still more wonderful—the atmosphere. Maybe it is just being here. I am already in love with the entire South."

"Nonsense, Elinor. You're in love with that sentimental brother of mine. All that southern song and story stuff is extremely overrated. For me, at least, romance has remained around the corner. The real thing, I mean. And, instead of strumming banjos at eventide, we get our moonlight sonatas from Radio City. But come, let's get on some war paint and pat our permanents into place. Dinner will soon be ready."

The two girls strolling about the garden were really getting acquainted, though they had heard much about each other through Bradley, Betty Anderson's brother, who, during the past term at school, had met and completely "fallen" for Elinor Paige and could talk of nothing else while home on his spring vacation.

"You'll like her, mother," he had said. "She's the tops. Bossiest of the Bostonians; old family an' all that," he added humorously. "Do invite her down as soon as school is out. And, last but not least, wish your son success. I should like to make a definite and formal announcement very, very soon."

And Elinor had arrived: blue-eyed, blond-haired, beautiful daughter of "the wind swept north." At once she was fond of Betty, and was very much in love with Bradley. "Yes," thought Mrs. Anderson, "she's tops."

Upstairs, the girls, chattering ceaselessly, began dressing for dinner.



"I hope Bradley didn't add a black mammy and servants to his picturesque details of this southern plantation," laughed Betty. "I'll help you unpack, and we'll be maids for each other."

"Sure, I will love that," said Elinor, unstrapping her bags, and with squeals of delight and appreciation from Betty, they began to lay out lovely dresses, wraps, and accessories.

"But, Elinor, what is that?" inquired Betty, as Elinor set a curious looking object on the dresser. "What an unusual pin tray—or is it a drinking cup?"

"Oh, that has a history and a story veiled in mystery," replied Elinor. "I do not know what it was originally, but it was always most honored among our family heirlooms, not for its beauty, but in memory of my mother's great uncle who lost his life in the War Between the States."

"Your great, great, great,—oh, good gracious! Well, tell me about it, please. Sounds interesting."

"This curious little gadget has been examined and exclaimed over, the subject of many conversations and conjectures. But no one has ever determined definitely what constituted the finished article. You see, it has a threaded hole in the bottom which shows that it screwed on to something. And it is of solid silver, which means that it was important and useful. The handle thus placed makes it upside down for any purpose imaginable."

"But where did he find it?—your uncle, of course," interrupted Betty excitedly. "I'm all a-quiver. Please continue—"

"Sure you don't mind if I give all the details?" asked Elinor hesitatingly.

"Please do. Don't leave out a thing," said Betty breathlessly.

"It was late in the year 1864. This uncle, Lieutenant Morgan, was riding with Captain Warren through Virginia to join Burnside's corps in North Carolina. Thirsty and tired, they turned into a lane in search of water, and possibly rest for the night, but were surprised as a lovely and stately old southern mansion came into view. Nearing the well, they heard a scream, 'Blue coats! Lawd a'mighty, save us!' as an old negro ran half bent through the shrubbery and continued to cry, 'Lawd a'mighty, save us!' Then all was quiet. Not a sound was heard; all was peaceful, beautiful. They dismounted, and prepared to draw water. There was a sound! A young girl was coming through the open hall door, scarcely more than a child, yet, with the stately bearing of one quite grown. Glancing back into the house with a look that said, 'Pray for me. I'm going to my death,' she advanced toward them, her violet eyes wide, cheeks white with fear.

“‘What do you want, sirs?’ she asked in a trembling voice.

“‘Only water for ourselves and horses. We will do you no harm,’ said Captain Warren.

“Without moving her eyes from them, she called, ‘Isadore, come draw some water. Bring a pitcher and glass.’ And the officers observed that she omitted to command, ‘Give the gentlemen a drink.’ But as Isadore, trembling in every limb, watered the horses, she poured from the pitcher and lifted the sparkling glass to Captain Warren.

“But Lieutenant Morgan did not wait his turn. Seizing this little cup from the well, he drank greedily from the dripping bucket while the girl watched wide-eyed.

“Horses and men being well watered, Captain Warren remarked in an undertone to Lieutenant Morgan, ‘Let’s go on. The child will die of fright.’ So they thanked her and were about to remount when the Lieutenant remembered that he still held the drinking cup.

“‘Your cup, madam,’ he said, touching his cap.

“But now that they were really going, and she would not be murdered after all, her fear gave away to angry pride. She looked with contempt upon this thing contaminated by a Yankee’s lips and said, ‘Keep it, and may it bring you luck.’ Then with a gasp, she clasped her hand across her mouth, blanching white with superstitious fear at the thing she had done—wished luck to her country’s enemy.

“‘Oh-h,’ she exclaimed and, turning, ran toward the house. Looking back, she said weakly, ‘I didn’t mean it! Oh, I didn’t mean it!’

“My great, great uncle did keep this cup, ever and always. It was first a camp fire joke, or a furlough toast. And at times when morale was low and the company profane, it was referred to as the Holy Grail.

“But the war went on. Lieutenant Morgan, sharing the fate of his infantry, found himself near Petersburg, Virginia, in the spring of 1864. For weary months they worked day and night digging an underground tunnel to blow up a powder magazine inside the Confederate lines. The time came at last for the explosion. All was ready. The fuses were lighted. The men waited. But nothing happened. A volunteer was called to go into the long tunnel to relight the fuse. Lieutenant Morgan responded. Divesting himself of watch, purse, and other little personal effects, he handed this cup to Captain Warren, whose friendship through the war was tried and proven, and said humorously, ‘Captain, the Grail. If I do not return, drink to my memory in the blood of our enemies, and to happier days, if ever they come, to all the violet-eyed lassies of the south, and remember me with kindness.’

“He did not return. But that is the story and this is the cup.”

"Oh, how wonderful, Elinor! May I show it to mother now?"

"Why yes, but you are so excited, Betty," consented Elinor.

* * *

As they were gathered around the dinner table, so beautifully arranged in honor of their guest, conversation flowed in a sparkling torrent.

"Do you see, Elinor," said Bradley, "mother has out all three of our ancient candle holders in your honor. We've used only two before."

"But why do they seem so familiar to me? I've never seen any like them," ejaculated Elinor.

"Oh, Bradley's probably told you the story of the missing candleholder—a family legend," put in Mrs. Anderson.

"Elinor has a family legend too. Will you tell them the story of your drinking cup as you told it to me?" Betty begged.

Blushing, Elinor related the story, and Mrs. Anderson said, "Now, dear if you'll bring down your drinking cup, I will tell you the story of the fourth candle.

"During the troubled days of the Civil War," she began, "when our last defense was tottering for a fall, my grandfather with many more men too old and boys too young to enlist for service were up at Petersburg trying feebly to defend the city. My mother, a girl of thirteen, was left here alone with one old negro servant who, faithful to his master's command, 'took keer of little miss.' For many days the sound of cannons had not been heard. The old negro's thoughts turned again to good house-keeping, and taking the silver out into the quiet, warm sunshine, he was just perfecting a brilliance superfine when he saw two Union officers ride up. Frightened no end, he somehow escaped with the silver, and, calling my mother, quickly hid it away. They were both terribly frightened and, to their surprise, the officers requested only water for themselves and horses. The younger man, a lieutenant, did not wait to be served by my mother (who, in spite of fear, quite lost her heart to him), but used for a drinking cup the bottom of a candlestick holder left on the well when the servant fled. Mother's first impulse was to snatch it from his hand, since southern women valued above all things their old silver. But knowing them to be gentlemen and intending no harm, she bade him keep it for luck!

"And so, Elinor, your drinking cup pilgrimage is ended," concluded Mrs. Anderson as she turned what Elinor thought was a drinking cup upside down, and screwed in the long missing candle. "My set is now complete, and you shall have a pair of these candlesticks for your wedding present—a perfect union."

Apples

By Aggie Mann



AN apple a day keeps the doctor away," is a very well-known proverb to apple-lovers. As a matter of fact, my own pet version is, "No apples a day keeps the doctor away." Apples, apples, and more apples. No matter where I go, I either see a dish of supposedly luscious apples on somebody's table, or somebody invites me to have an apple. Then I'll refuse by saying that I've just "eaten my lunch."

Poets may come and poets may go, who write on the beautiful rose-kissed cheeks of an apple which tastes like the nectar of the gods, but to the end of my days I believe that I shall never eat an apple unless it is absolutely necessary, and then it must be peeled.

Until about three years ago, I would go to the country every summer, and the lady with whom I stayed had several apple orchards. Well, I would go out with her to help pick apples off the trees, and the two of us would eat quite a few apples. She always poked a bit of fun at me for carrying a knife along to peel the apples. One day I ate so many apples that I felt like an apple although I didn't bother to look at myself. When I awoke in the middle of the night, with the worst stomach-ache I've ever had, I immediately resolved never to eat another apple as long as I lived unless I could in no way get out of it. The only other thing I remember about that horrible night was a dream I had about an apple. The apple told me to eat it, and when I refused, it jumped into my mouth and made me swallow it. I told it to stop, and then someone asked what I wanted stopped. When I said that I was talking to an apple, she told me to go to sleep, and she looked as if she thought I was crazy.

When school started the next term, I remember having several problems about apples to work, and I missed everyone of them. Naturally, I blamed my errors on the apples that I had eaten the previous summer.

Mother told me that when I was small I cried every time she gave me an apple. Even now, whenever I'm sick, my grandmother gives me a dose of castor oil and then kindly offers to get me an apple to "get the taste of the medicine out of my mouth." If I tell her that I'd prefer a banana, she brings me an apple anyway to "keep the doctor away."

Musings

By Peggy Miller

The Battlefield

On an old forgotten hilltop
Outside the city green,
I sat one day and dreamed away
Of the sights that hill had seen:

How in the happy hours of spring
When the budding blossoms bloom,
It found delight in every sight
Of nature's flowery loom.

And all the wonderful world was then
As was the song of a bird,
But one bright day from far away
A cannon's boom was heard.

And then the sound of marching feet,
And then the guns that kill,
And men were lying, many dying,
On that ancient hill.

And now today it's all alone,
Serenely standing there,
Praying that the peace of God
May ever fill the air.

School Days

The span of life is but a school,
A place to live and learn,
Where one may find the better way,
At each new crook and turn.

The course begins when life is new;
And when the babe first wakes,
He learns what each new object is
And why he makes mistakes.

As time goes on he becomes a man
And feels he knows it all,
But each new day that he has lived
He finds he's not so tall.

The time comes for the bell to sound
To say that he may pass
Into a clearer, better school,
Into a higher class.

Spring

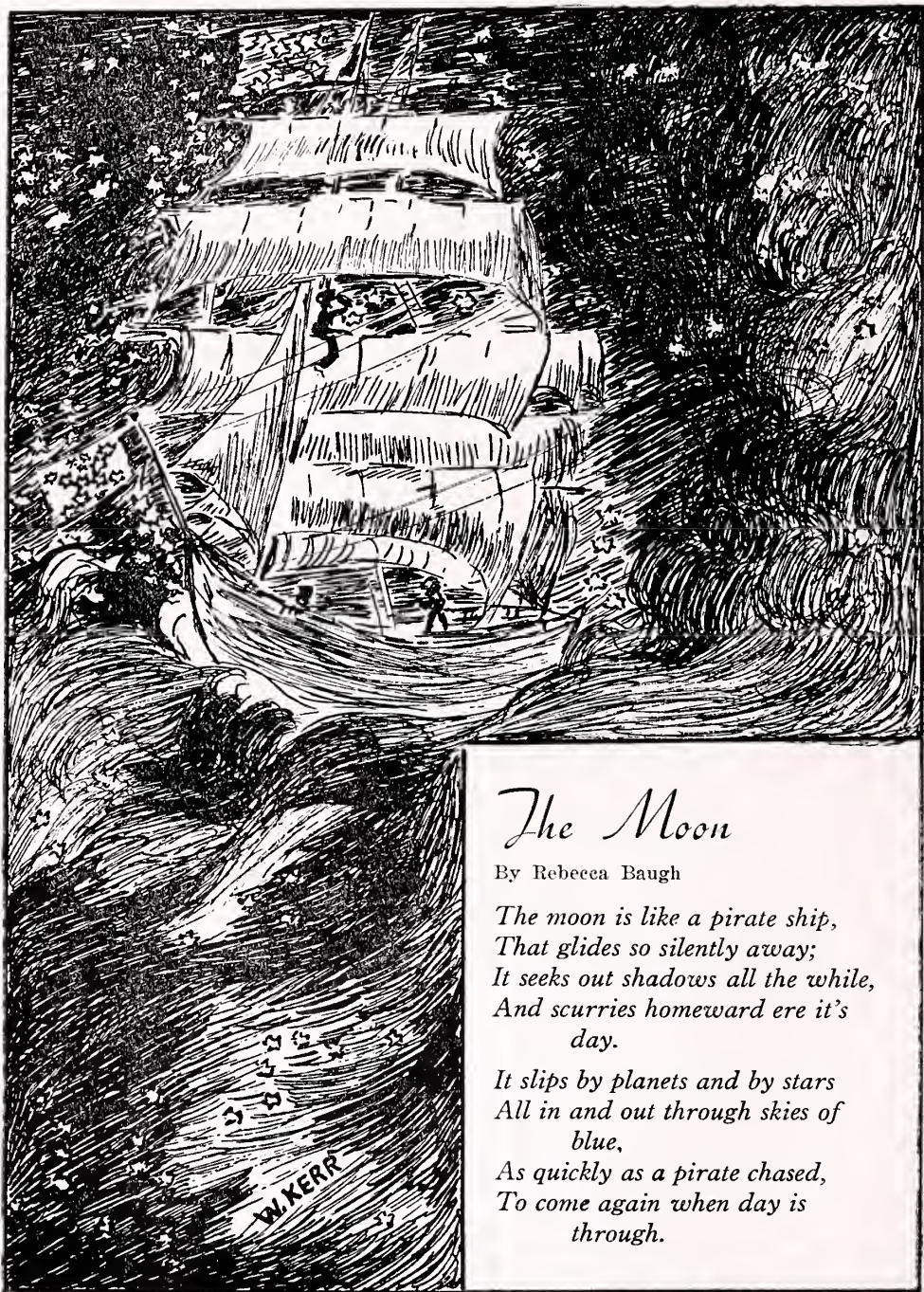
Joy, joy, spring's in the air;
Birds singing, bells ringing, joy everywhere.
Children are playing,
Tree tops are swaying,
Greeting the first signs of spring.

Hark, hark, music is heard;
Bells in the steeple sing with the bird.
Horses are neighing,
House dogs are baying,
Greeting the first signs of spring.

Come, come, come to the fields;
Crocus is sprouting,
To springtime it yields.
Clover is blooming,
Young men are grooming,
Greeting the first signs of spring.

When I Beheld The Crimson Sunset

When I beheld the crimson sunset from
A high and lofty hill-top standing there,
The fading light of even seemed to come
To chase away my every hate and care;
The reddened ball of bright, celestial fire
With pomp and glory sank into the west,
The beckoning light which gives the world desire
To sink into a night of peace and rest.
Long since the fire itself had gone from sight
The reddened clouds shone forth with fiery hue,
And sent up heavenly rays of brilliant light
To glorify the perfect awesome view;
Will mortal sons in others' minds live on,
Their light shine forth when they themselves are gone?



The Moon

By Rebecca Baugh

*The moon is like a pirate ship,
That glides so silently away;
It seeks out shadows all the while,
And scurries homeward ere it's
day.*

*It slips by planets and by stars
All in and out through skies of
blue,*

*As quickly as a pirate chased,
To come again when day is
through.*

“Remembrance of Things Past”

By Alice D. Jones



BELONGED to Harriss's Mississippi Brigade, and that was one of the three best brigades in Mahone's Division."

Two ardent Confederates were talking, the one speaking eagerly, the other listening breathlessly. The speaker was General Homer Atkinson and the listener a girl who can scarcely remember her grandfather, a Confederate soldier at fourteen.

The white head and the dark drew close together as the old man, with the ardor of a soldier still undimmed, told of Lee, Jackson, and Stuart—names of men who were gods to her.

Perhaps with wonder and awe as well as with pleasure, she looked at the Commander of the Confederate Veterans. A Virginian, she thought with pride, and a gentleman to his fingertips. How few are left! and these were the men who made the South what it was—men who defended their faith with their whole souls and who would die for an ideal. His thin, slightly arched nose was aristocratic; the high forehead broad and scholarly; the eyes wise and kind; the short mustache did not hide the tender mouth.

"No, ma'm," the courteous, eager voice went on, "I was not in the Battle of the Crater; but I saw some very sharp fighting around Petersburg.

"Mahone's Division was holding the line from the Jerusalem Plank Road to the Weldon railroad. On July 30, 1864, an order came to General Mahone to take two brigades to the Crater. Harriss's and two other brigades were left to guard the line. The men of the brigades sent to the Crater fell back slowly to escape the notice of the Yankees. And they fooled the Yankees all right."



General Atkinson smiled triumphantly; but he was not allowed to pause long, for his insatiable listener begged, "Go on, please."

"Well, the Yankees had charged by then; so General Mahone sent another brigade to the Crater, and that left only two-fifths of a division to hold a breach that had formerly been entrusted to a whole division. If the Yankees had charged then, they could have broken right through that line; but our men had moved away so quietly and inconspicuously that even the Yankee observation balloons failed to notice any depreciation in our lines. The Yankees thought the men were massed there; Jackson would have known!"

The soldier in him rejoiced in the generalship of his hero. His face was lighted by a smile.

"Why, if the Yankees had charged, the war might have ended then. But as it was, that day brought a glorious victory, which demoralized the Yankees.

"But then, there are so many 'ifs'," he added, with a rueful smile. "Jackson was the only prophet; he was inspired. After First Manassas he said that with ten thousand men he could capture Washington and end the war."

"Well, why didn't they let him have them?"

"Jefferson Davis believed that we should fight only on the defensive. But Lee and Jackson were real soldiers, and they knew that wars can only be won by pushing into the enemy's territory and pursuing a strong offensive."

There was a brief silence while the two thought of what a realization that "if" might have had. Then General Atkinson told how he joined the army.

"I tried to join the army several times; but since I was under age, my father came after me every time and put an end to my military ambitions. But I actually joined on May 16, 1864—before I was sixteen."

Anxious to know about her heroes, the girl asked, "What Confederate generals do you admire most?"

"Well, Jackson was the greatest soldier on earth; he had to be killed before the Yankees could win. Stuart was fine, too. I knew neither of them personally, but I knew Gordon. Gordon was a splendid fighter and would have made a good general—"fight or die" was his motto. Gordon was an elegant gentleman like Hampton. But not every great soldier was a gentleman. There was a man neither educated nor well-born who was a great soldier—Forrest, the 'Wizard of the West.'

"But most of our generals were West Point men, and that was where

we had an advantage. Ah, we had the best soldiers the world has ever seen. If we had had one half the men. . . ."

But that was only a dream, a lost hope that a nation was founded on. So presently the girl who was listening so intently asked with bated breath, "Did you ever see General Lee?"

"See him?" replied the narrator with enthusiasm, "Why, I knew him well, even before the war. He used to come to Parke Custis' plantation on the Pamunkey River, which was right next to ours. I was a lad of ten or eleven then, and I saw him often. General Lee's wife was Mary Custis, you know. General Lee was a fine man, a Southern gentleman, the best man that ever lived on earth."

With reverent voice the soldier spoke of his beloved commander, and with tear-dimmed eyes there listened another adorer of a great man whose worshipers are legion.

At length he continued: "General Lee went to St. Paul's every Sunday that he could. We lived across the street from St. Paul's, and my sisters, who were little girls, used to go out to the gate to see him go into church. And he would always cross the street to speak to them, and gravely kiss them both. But he didn't go to church April the second, 1865.

"April the second saw one of the bloodiest battles of the war and one that is not even recorded in history—Fort Gregg. Ah, I was in that battle, all right, and I am the only survivor of it now. I went in as a private and came out a lieutenant.

"Major Cook was holding the fort, and he said that he would hold it until not a man was left. It was very nearly true, too. That battle was a perfect Thermopylae. After three hours of hot fighting the Yankees captured the fort, and of the three hundred and twenty-five men who went in only twenty-six were alive to be taken prisoners. There was a report that we killed one thousand and eighty Yankees."

He paused, and even then the soldier's eyes shone with a triumphant light, bright as a shining sword.

"With the others I was taken prisoner, but I never reached prison."

"You mean you escaped?" exclaimed his eager listener incredulously. "But how?"

"Oh," said General Atkinson with a modest smile, "you can do a great deal if you are willing to take risks.

"I reached Petersburg on April the eighteenth, and, hurrying to my father's house, I told him that I was going to rejoin the army. Then he told me the terrible news: Lee had surrendered on April the ninth. I couldn't believe it at first; it couldn't be true. Then I realized that we had expected it all the time. The long struggle was over at last."

There was silence as the two thought of the "Lost Cause" and the men who had died for it, and the other men who had lived to build again "with worn-out tools" the broken ideals of this tragic era.

Then the old man spoke again:

"Ah, they were men in those days. There are very few men now; most are henchmen for money. Why, in my day the power belonged to the people who used it to serve their country, not themselves. And, when others presumed upon these grounds which were not their heritage, they were firmly thrust back into their place. I remember once my father horse-whipped a poor white for striking one of his negroes."

Thus in the memory of the old man and in the heart of the girl there lived again the "Golden Age of the South." The two Confederates were thinking of the days when Virginia dedicated herself to the "Lost Cause" and with it lost everything save honor, glory, and a story of men courageous and proud, of women strong as finely tempered steel—lost all—but immortality.

Across the battlefields of Virginia there rode again: the melancholy Ashby on his milk-white steed, that leader who was the pearl of chivalry and honor; Stuart the debonair, idol of his men, "beau sabreur" of the cavalry, darling of the ball; Jackson, man of action and of prayer, soldier and saint, Lee's right arm; and the god-like Lee who could "meet with triumphs and disaster and treat those two imposters just the same."



The Moon

By Marjorie Holt

The moon in God's starry bed of flowers lies;
A yellow Persian cat is she.
She lies in a ball with silky moonbeams flying.
Her shiny eyes look straight at me.

And rising stealthily from her resting place
She slyly slips across the lawn.
The stars which part to let her pass fall back
In place, and the yellow moon is gone.

The Joy of Spring

By Mary Wilson

I long to sing on a bright spring day
When the golden light holds sway,
To walk along a lonely path
Forgetting history and math,
And humming a tune that has no name
To beat the lark at his joyous game.

While overhead the budding trees
Are drawing swarms of humming bees,
One needs to take but a single look
At the mossy banks and rippling brook
To feel that spring is really here
And blossoming violets must be near.

As tender shoots like dainty spears
Reflect the light with dewy tears,
Enlivening air expands our lungs
And songs of nature flow from our tongues;
The joy of spring engages our hearts
To drink in all before it departs.



Concentration

By Anne Frank



ELL, mother and I had finally succeeded in telling Catiline what his mother country thought of him. This struggle had completely overcome mother, and she had succumbed into the blissful waves of sleep. But I, who was younger, had more endurance and was still doing home work. So bravely I faced the bitter hardships of punctuating English sentences.

The first was, "Since the moon was brightly lighting up the earth, we hitched old Nellie to the sleigh, and away we went." Comma after "earth" and "sleigh," I believe. I wonder why, in nearly all cases, the horses are called old. I'm sure a young horse would draw the sleigh much better. He'd be more sure-footed and less liable to feel like "pooping out" when a whole bunch of youngsters got behind him. Oh, but maybe those were old people talking! I never thought of that! If so, then they'd want an old horse since old people never go very fast unless they're in a hurry, which this sentence doesn't seem to be.

I know how thy felt though. The moon, honestly and truly, does make the night bright as day, only it's a softer kind of bright. There's something so fascinating about the snow, isn't there? It seems to challenge you, to dare you to come out and stay out. It even entices you to do things which you know will break your necks. Why, last year you should have seen all the things I did. Would you believe that all by myself I went—whoa, here young lady, you're supposed to be doing English.

Sentence number two, "What you say is true; nevertheless the thing is impossible." Um, I reckon that's one of those independent adverbs. That sentence sounds like a master criminal making plans with a subordinate. Why! I wonder what made me think of that. I suspect I've been reading too many of Sonny's dime novels. Well, they're very good stories. I'm sure if I ever become a G-girl, I can get clues from them because that's the kind of literature crooks read—oops, gee, I read that too. Oh, dear! By Hercules! (I got that from Cicero.) I'll only read the classics from now on!

The next sentence sounds like a study of child psychology. "When I used to carry my dinner pail to the little school at Preston's Corners, I felt very self-important." Well, I haven't happened to own a lunch pail since I started to school, but that doesn't mean I haven't experienced the same emotions of self-importance. I was in the fourth grade, and a dear friend of mine, who lived in the apartment house next to ours, was a rival.

Our rivalry was on account of clothes. We both claimed that our apparel was the latest thing from Paris. Well, we were about even when the real triumph came and mother bought me a pair of shiny black Oxfords with heels one inch high! Oh my, did I strut those shoes around and show to every advantage how high my heels were! Um-uh!

"Anne, dear, when are you coming to bed?" It was mother who had come back from the deep to see my light still on. Snapping back to reality, I said as forlornly as I could, "As soon as I finish these sentences. Teachers always insist on giving us the longest lessons."



Midnight In The Crater Museum

By Clarence Mangum

"'Twas many a Yankee I gored deep,
And often in Northern bowels did I sleep."
The bayonet recalled as he spoke
To the relics of war who nightly awoke
To tell of deeds and days gone past.

In cases of glass, they pass the day;
Near to the way where for years they lay
Asleep with their masters; "I slashed a man
Till he fell and blood like water ran."
A saber loudly boasted with pride.

"A Rebel I to bits did blast,"
The bit of shrapnel said as he cast
A sneering reply to Southern boasts
Of strength and the woe they wrought on the hosts
Of Yankee arms and Yankee men.

"Your town and you would be lost in the past
But for fame that was wrought by our blast;
Though the city lives for years to come,
No deed will equal that of the bomb
That tore out the earth and the men from its side."

Reveries

By Bess Windham

Meditation By the Sea

I have roamed the beach, the sky so near,
Sunset's sting, the ocean's salty rush;
I am listening, driven not by fear—
There will be no silent, breathless hush!

I have seen reluctant dunes around,
Smooth and long subdued by storm's crusade,
In silence by the ocean's noisy sound;
When I leave, my joy in this will fade!

I have roamed the beach, the sky so near,
Where gulls fly low to touch the salty spray.
I have known another place more dear;
This will only hold my heart today.

Evening Reverie

I like to think of queer things—
A lonesome owl in the forest at dusk,
A pine tree tall, with swaying branches,
A thin white road—an old-fashioned shay,
Far-away voices singing—prayer meeting bells,
People praying at night in a lighted church,
New fallen snow on a broken fence,—a robin,
The sweet scented buds of early spring—and rain.
I like to think
In silence by my fire.

The Hero of the Crater

By Harry Kauffman



BILLY MAHONE was a striking figure. A very fastidious dresser, he stood only five feet five in height and weighed only about a hundred pounds. Above his dark beard were a well-shaped nose and piercing gray eyes which became almost black when their owner was engaged in earnest conversation. About him there was an air of neatness, of energy, of authority.

In 1826 Mahone was born at the then thriving town of Monroe in Southampton county, Virginia. His father, Fielding J. Mahone, was a merchant in moderate circumstances. When his business began to fail, he moved with his family to Jerusalem, now Courtland, a town on the Nottoway River. Here little Billy, now a lad of fourteen years, was left very much on his own, and the result was that he was the leader in most of the deviltry perpetrated around town and that every good boy in and around Courtland was cautioned to stay away from "that little wretch, Billy Mahone." However, these experiences made him more self-reliant and developed his capacity for leadership.

In 1847 Mahone was graduated from Virginia Military Institute. After teaching for two years at the Rappahannock Academy, he became a surveyor on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad and in 1853 was chosen chief engineer for the construction of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railway. Mahone did his job well. The roadbed was solidly built throughout, although parts of it crossed the Dismal Swamp, and between Petersburg and Suffolk there was a straight stretch of fifty-two miles of road, the construction of which was a difficult feat for that day. In April, 1860, the



stockholders of the Norfolk and Petersburg elected Mahone to the consolidated office of chief engineer and president, which act was a great tribute to the ability of the young engineer.

In 1855 he was married to Otelia Butler, a very charming woman with forceful character. The marriage was a happy one: Mahone was devoted to his wife and three children. After his marriage and up to the Civil War Mahone's residence was in Norfolk; after the war he made Petersburg his home, and it remained his abode until his death.

Mahone was an ardent secessionist and was in Richmond at the time when the Ordinance of Secession was passed. Although he had taken no active part in politics previous to the war, he was appointed Quartermaster-general at Richmond. He wished to enter the field service, however, and was given a commission as lieutenant-colonel in the 6th Virginia Volunteers. The future "Hero of the Crater" rose rapidly. He was wounded at Second Manassas and executed a brilliant flank movement in the Battle of the Wilderness. Mahone's claim to greatness as a soldier, however, centers around his activities at the siege of Petersburg. Again and again he checked an enemy attack; his maneuvers were executed with such skill and energy that the enemy was often at a loss to know his position even in the limited territory in which he could operate.

July 30, 1864, marks the height of Mahone's glory as a soldier. Early in the morning of that day from Elliott's Salient in the Confederate lines a great mass of earth, men, timber and guns rose up into the heavens. A magnificent sight. The Federal front ranks recoiled in confusion for fear they would be caught underneath, and the ten minutes it took to re-form them gave the Confederates time to rally. After a few minutes the pit from which the mass of earth had come was filled with confused Federals receiving a terrific fire from well-placed Confederate batteries and the troops defending the salient. Mahone, then an acting major-general, was ordered to support this part of the line. He led two brigades unobserved through a ravine, and upon arriving at the scene of battle he ordered a third to come up. The negro troops of General Ferrero were just emerging from the Confederate breastworks and forming for the charge. At Mahone's order the veterans of his old Virginia brigade swept forward in a countercharge. The negro line broke, and the brigade occupied a considerable portion of the Confederate breastworks. Other charges followed, and soon Mahone was master of the breastworks around the pit. At this point the men in the pit surrendered. The carnage in the crater was terrific; in some places the dead were piled eight deep. Two days after the engagement Grant reported a total of four thousand four hundred killed, wounded or missing. The Confederate loss was estimated at one thousand five hundred.

It is interesting to note that, if Mahone had been killed at this juncture, in all probability he would have held a place in our regard parallel to that of Stuart and Jackson. As it is, he died one of the most criticized men in the South.

After the siege of Petersburg Mahone's division became an increasingly larger part of Lee's army. The officers and men in his command were devoted to him; they considered him almost a second Jackson. At Appomattox Mahone's division numbered nearly half of Lee's army.

After the war the "Hero of the Crater" regained the presidency of the Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad, and with characteristic energy and ability set about restoring the war-torn corporation to its pre-war prosperity. He was chosen president of the Southside Railroad and the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad because of his post-war work on the Norfolk and Petersburg. After considerable agitation these three railroads (Mahone was already president of each) were united by acts of the State Legislature in 1867 and 1870 into the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio Railroad of which, naturally, Mahone became president. The united railroad was nearly on its feet again when the panic of 1873 blasted all the business in the country. Through no fault of Mahone's, the road went into the hands of receivers in 1876 and became the Norfolk and Western Railroad, which was the nucleus of the Norfolk and Western of today. The remarkable part of this transaction was that Mahone was able to make a bargain with the receivers by which, among other things, they promised to pay the state of Virginia \$500,000 for her claims against the railroad.

The political influence of the "railroad king" was very great. He allied himself with the Conservative Republicans and succeeded in having the man he wanted made governor of the state in 1869 and 1873.

In 1871 the notorious Funding Act was passed by the State Legislature. It was a failure, to say the least. The tax income did not cover the interest on the debt, the appropriation for public schools and the expenses of running the government. In 1877 Mahone himself attempted to obtain the conservative gubernatorial nomination, but failed. He was directly opposed to the Funding Act and in favor of the promotion of public schools.

Early in 1879 Mahone organized the Readjuster Party of Virginia in opposition to the McCulloch Bill, an infinitely worse settlement of the debt question than the Funding Act. Mahone created in a short time a party machine that swept the state in 1879 and elected a majority in both houses of the legislature.

Having won a great victory in the state election Mahone wished to keep the party together in the national election of 1880. Both the Read-

justers and the Funders, those in favor of the Funding Act, supported Hancock, but each had a separate set of electors. It was up to the Democratic convention in Cincinnati to decide which were real Democrats, and the convention decided in favor of the Funders.

In 1881 Mahone was elected to the United States Senate by the Readjusters in the legislature. At that time there were thirty-seven Democrats and thirty-seven Republicans in the Senate. Mahone had to decide to which side he belonged. He knew that Virginia was normally Democratic, but he chose the Republicans. Naturally, this act brought forth severe criticism from the South and approval from the Republicans. We realize now that if the "Hero of the Crater" had chosen the Democrats he would probably have risen to still greater heights.

In 1881 a Readjuster was elected governor, and the Readjusters retained control of both houses of the legislature. The Riddleberger Debt Law, a worthy adjustment of the debt question, was passed, and much popular social and economic legislation was enacted. Even their opponents admitted that the Readjusters had carried out everything they had promised in the campaign.

In 1882 the Readjusters were at the zenith of their power. Mahone was their recognized boss. By using his enormous state and national patronage Mahone put in office men whose only qualification was that they were Mahone supporters. His opponents attacked this system violently, kept on attacking it until they overthrew it, and then built up another machine exactly like it.

After 1881 no more Readjuster governors were elected. Having accomplished its objective the Readjuster movement began to wane. Ardent supporters one by one continued to drop off and array themselves on the opposite side. One of the chief reasons was the strict party discipline enforced by the imperious Mahone. The Readjusters became identified with the Republicans, who had accumulated an unsavory reputation in the South. In 1885 they lost control of the state legislature, and in 1889 a last effort by Mahone, by now an old man, to become governor was frustrated. After 1889 Mahone was more or less inactive politically and died in 1895 after a stroke of paralysis.

On looking back we marvel how narrowly this man missed greatness; he had so many of the qualities of a great man.

Pathway Of Life

By Franklin Poole

Out of a dell of dread and despair,
And up from the valley of defeat,
We ever struggle to reach the top,
The oncoming future soon to meet.

The path of the future is waiting now;
We must not fear that path to tread,
Until we reach that far-flung peak,
And leave behind the past that's dead.



Prayer

By Nowland Pittman

Oh God, let my soul be tranquil like a peaceful lake,
Whose surface is ruffled by the wind
But not disturbed to the depths.
Let me walk in the open road
With the sunshine of laughter beaming upon me
And the beauty of this wide world
Ever in my heart.



Punishment

By Peggy Talley

Many years she stood there
Against the fading sky,
O'erlooking a tiny village filled with people.
She never said a word of protest
Until one day
Her temper boiled at their behavior,
And she slew them, one by one,
With cruel words poured in molten lava.

My Pet Aversion

By Jacqueline Short



NCE in a while one stumbles on a thing that may be classed as a brainstorm. This, my dear reader, is what, in a vague sort of way, has happened to you. When one puts up with that certain something just so long, the outcome is that which resembles a pot of mush shimmering and finally boiling over on the shiny kitchen stove, which had been, needless to say, just cleaned and shined into a mirror-like state.

My particular pot of mush had been placidly bubbling along until a few nights ago, when the gradual preparation for a sudden outburst was culminated by my sleeping with mother for protection. (Goodness knows, she got more protection than I.) But that's beside the point.

I'll admit that I have slept with my beloved parent before, but never had I experienced the accomplished art of a virtuoso, as did I that night. Why in the world I didn't realize the state she was in before I condescended to recline with her through one of the most harrowing pits of darkness I have ever even dreamed of, I don't know. Which all brings me around to the night of June third, or something. For the purpose of explaining better, perhaps I should outline:

1. I did not ascertain the prevailing attitude of my tormentor before I rested my carcass on the little white bed. The half-mast droop of the eyelids, the weakness in the knee area, and the way she managed to bump into or drop all the articles she touched, should have warned me, but it didn't.

2. I did not notice for about twenty minutes that anything was amiss. I always allow about ten to twenty minutes to get settled and accustomed to the fact that another day has passed, and therefore it's time to sleep. (Notice the last word—oh! the irony of it all!)

3. At the expiration of my allotted maximum of twenty minutes when I had just gotten my little toe in the correct slumbering position, I heard a faint f-f-t-t-ing noise like steam escaping from a boiler. (Now don't misunderstand, I'm not likening my closest relative to a boiler or anything.) At first I thought it was one of our ill-behaved radiators, but then I realized the quaint little sound was merely mother exhaling a bit of breath.

4. Remaining in a state of suspense, I awaited another imitation of a raditor, but nothing happened. I closed one eye, then started the other.

5. Just as my left eye was three-quarters shut, something ex-

ploded. Fears for the very worst assailed me. Could our dear P. H. S. have met with some dire accident! Well good—I mean how horrible! Words fail to tell exactly what my reaction was to that crash of an imaginary cymbal. Then imagine my fright to hear a repetition of that first ominous call.

6. Pricking up my ear which had been knocked flat by the din, I leaned stealthily over towards mother to see if she had fainted at the sound of the earth cracking in two. She must have understood with her twenty-first sense that I would be not a little surprised that such an unearthly roar could come out of a perfectly normal person, for she opened that little rosebud mouth of hers to inform me of the fact.

7. First, there was a sound of a miniature “old faithful,” rising to the surface for its periodical gush. Then a bitter rumbling, with the merest touch of a soprano note, was to be heard. As I remained spellbound, the highest pitch to rush forth in the tripling effect of a lion’s hungry utterance, “How about a nice, juicy man as an appetizer for breakfast?” was heard.

8. Coming to my senses (I only wish mother had) I started shaking the bed to try to knock from her those instruments aiding her in this manslaughter of my perfectly harmless desire for sleep. Many is the time my little parent has stated in bragging tones, “The slightest thing will awaken me. An ant walking across the floor can arouse me at once.” Well, maybe an ant walking across the floor could awaken her, but right then I didn’t have time to run out and get one to try its prowess; but nothing available could startle the old girl.

9. The ninth and would-be last step should be the remedy for this sad plight inflicted so cruelly on me. But, as the man says, “There is none.” Therefore the subject of this essay is what it is. Because there is no remedy for my trouble, or my mother’s, I can easily class her snoring as my pet aversion—meaning, the thing that I enjoy least in this mortal world.

As an afterthought: if only she possessed a nice, refined, gulp-like snore this personal subject would never have been discussed, but being it is what it is, my apologies to you for my pet aversion, mother.

The Eternal Question

By Virginia Richards

It seems we ne'er can understand
Why things must sometimes be,
Why God with ever powerful hand
And mind and will so free
Should seem to say in stern demand,
"Give up all else and follow me."

Why? Why? Why?
Still cries the question clear,
Till on the brink of madness
We stand with quivering fear.
The answer yet in mystery clad
Falls faintly on our ear.

'Tis a question answered only when
We seek from heart within
To know the truth of God, and then
Where truth and life begin.
'Tis just the truth we find again
In Him, in whom there is no sin.



Time

By Marguerite Warren

Sometimes it is a lonely nymph,
Who dances on twinkling toes;
She smiles at you, then disappears,
And you wonder where she goes.

Sometimes it is a lagging old man
Who slowly passes by;
Each step is silent, slow and tired,
And as he goes you sigh.

Sidetracked

By Joel Andrews

“**C**OURT will come to order!” rapped the dignified old veteran of the bench, Judge Bentley.

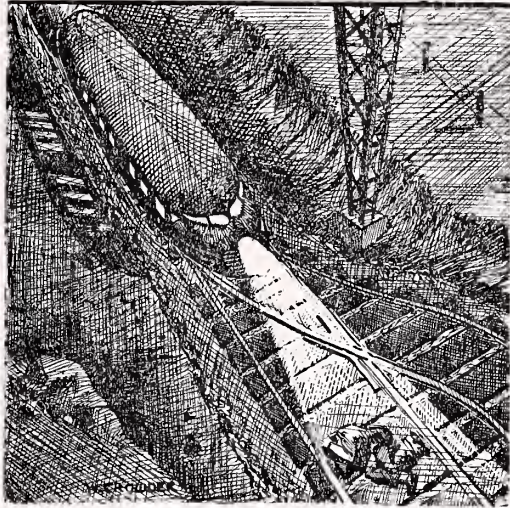
When the milling voices of the crowded courtroom had gradually subsided, Judge Bentley majestically drew on a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles and slowly unrolled a white document. As is usual with followers of the bench, his face showed not even the slightest change of expression. His booming voice slowly droned off his all too familiar phrases as a preacher might do before his obedient congregation, beginning with “On this day, April 30, 1922—” and concluding with “—this court hereby sentences James Saunders to five years of hard labor for fraudulent handling of bank deposits.”

Every eye in the courtroom turned simultaneously. Curious, sympathetic, condemning glances rested as one upon Saunders. He sat as if in a trance. His features, once handsome, were pale and haggard with terror. He was a beaten man. But not so with his pretty wife, upon whom the mingled glances rested next. She sat biting her lip to keep from crying. She suddenly regained her feet and yelled with feminine fury, “He was framed, I tell you—framed!” She turned upon Howard Stone, the man who had first accused Saunders, like an infuriated cat. His bland smile was replaced by a pasty grin.

“Fred Stone was president of the bank—he stole the money—lost it in the stock market—then, like the coward he is, framed poor Jimmie!”

Having vented her fury, she collapsed in a flood of lady-like tears. Many a pitying gentleman in the courtroom started momentarily forward to her side, but the hard heart of Howard Stone was not moved.

“The woman is crazy!” expostulated Stone with a sardonic laugh.



Such a display of emotion could do no more than to gain the sympathy of interested onlookers, however. There was too much evidence against Saunders. Saunders knew that his own lawyer had been bribed by Stone. To be sure, he had put on a good show for the audience, but his every utterance had been so contrived as to play more and more into the hands of the prosecuting attorney.

Thus James Saunders was sent to prison. The newspapers junked the story in a day or two; the public, in a week. Howard Stone reopened the First National Bank with even more patrons than before.

Ten years later, a weary figure emerged from the Waldon Steel Mills. He sniffed eagerly at the fresh air, then turned and hurried west to downtown New York. His frail form was caught up in the hurrying afternoon throng. A sooty newsboy waved the latest edition wildly before him. The blaring headlines caught his eye:

**RICH BANKER WEDS—
HOWARD STONE OFF ON HONEYMOON**

Saunders grabbed desperately at the paper. The surging crowd carried him on, still clutching the newspaper.

With a sigh of relief, he finally boarded his train and settled down into its comfortable cushions. Detached sentences in the newspaper article blared at him:

"Fred Stone, who began his career as bank cashier—president of the largest bank in New York—married Lora de Pels, night-club singer—leaving tonight on 9:45 train for Florida."

Saunders read the last passage over and over. Slowly, a diabolical scheme formulated cruelly in his mind. He tried to thrust it out, but the destructive gods of evil slyly goaded him on. What about those five years lost, never to be regained? Years of bitterness toward Stone welled up in him, overcoming his better judgment, and making him suddenly crave revenge as a leech craves blood.

Saunders' home, the cozy cottage he and Mary had built a year before, was situated in a large wooded grove on the distant outskirts of New York. About a mile from the house there ran the winding Eastern Railroad, the railway that Stone would ride that night!

It was dark when Saunders reached home. Mary would not be home until nine o'clock. He did not go into the house, but hastily packed up a flashlight and pickaxe and set off down the slope to the railway tracks.

His figure loomed up gigantically in darkness beside the railroad tracks. The flashlight beam played feebly on the rails. He smote the rail coupling energetically with the pick-axe—once, twice. It gave way with a clanging clash of twisted steel.

James Saunders arose from his task. He thought grimly: "In half an hour, the 197 will come roaring at top speed along this route to Jacksonville. And when it hits this gap, it will pile up in a mass of wreckage. There will be no evidence—just another train wreck. And Howard Stone will be dead." His malevolent laugh echoed through the night, was cast back at him mockingly from the darkness.

Glancing cautiously up and down the tracks, he disappeared into the inky blackness. When he again reached home the house was still dark. Everything seemed strangely quiet. He missed Mary's usual welcome, the sweet hug of Junior. Somewhere out in the somber, desolate forest sounded the plaintive call of some night bird. Opening the door, he struck a match. The cabin glowed with light. He called, "Oh, Mary!" But there was no answer. A train whistle shrilled eerily in the distance. Saunders turned icy-cold.

"Funny how I'm shivering," he thought; "I must make a fire."

Reaching down for the matches, his eyes caught a gleam of something white—a message.

He read, "James: Mother is seriously ill. Junior and I are catching the 9:45 train to Jackson—"

He got no further. Throwing aside the door, he leaped out into the forest. Far away sounded the piercing whistle of the 197. Saunders plunged madly on and on through the darkness. He saw the blinding headlight of the train. Like a demon, it was flashing down the track toward him.

"It's no use," he realized, "I can't stop it."

With one last spurt, he threw himself upon the tracks.

"I had just as well die, too," he thought.

He braced himself for the blow. But it never came! Dazed, he opened his eyes to see the 197 go thundering by into the night on its way to Jacksonville, Florida.

Saunders gasped, "Sidetracked!"

A Confederate Soldier's Reminiscences

By Sophie Wice



It was a beautiful early spring day as I walked up the cemented path to the Confederate Soldiers' Home in Richmond. Thoughts of every sort rushed through my brain, thoughts of what question to ask my soldier once I found him.

There he was, Sterling Collier, who as a lad of sixteen had stood in the quartermaster's corps with Lee at Appomattox. He was sitting on a bench in the sunshine when I entered the gate. As he was speaking to a friend I advanced with small steps so that the interval of my approach might be longer in order to observe him closely before I spoke to the old gentleman.

I saw before me a man of medium height dressed in a grey uniform with brass buttons, each of which bore the Virginia seal, and a grey hat. As I came closer I noted that his face was thin but uncommonly alive and with comparatively few lines for a man of eighty-seven years. His body, well proportioned, was disfigured in no way except for the absence of his right eye, and that defect was well hidden behind his dark glasses. The tiny bit of hair which escaped beneath his grey hat was a dull grey color. I couldn't help thinking of the immense contrast there must be between the immaculately-kept grey uniform which he was wearing and the one he must have worn seventy-three years before at the Battle of the Crater.

As I finally stood before him, all fear of what questions to ask faded from my mind as he raised his kind face to mine.

We quickly became acquainted and I established myself on his right, at his suggestion, in order to speak into his deafened ear.

When I mentioned "Petersburg," he started reminiscing, and all my questions were quite unnecessary, as he was very anxious to talk. The soldier told me that he was a native of Petersburg and I found that now at his advanced age he knew the city as well as I.

At the word "Crater," however, he shifted his position, looked at me for a moment, then shook his head. "Oh, it was a terrible day, terrible. I never will forget it! Sycamore Street, from Washington Street to the heights, was filled with women and children who were awaiting the news. There was a great nervous tension because the Yankees had planned to start the attack at sunrise, but were delayed because their fuse wouldn't light. When we did get started, though, it was a hand-to-hand fight. The

Yanks didn't have anybody there 'cept niggers, and they had to pay them to fight. The Yanks got a lot of foreigners over here and then the northern soldiers would get them to fight. Why, I knew one foreigner who was being paid by three different men to fight for 'em. You see, the North had to fight the South, but the South had to fight the world. I'll bet you won't find that in no history book!"

Mr. Collier stopped for a moment. I asked him to tell me about some of the food and clothing problems of the army.

He chuckled, "We used to shoot a Yankee when we were cold just to get his coat. They were fine coats, 'bout the best I ever saw, but we shot some of our own men lots of times 'cause we didn't know that they weren't Yankees. One day General Lee—he was the handsomest man I ever saw—sent out an order for us never to wear 'em again."

When I again asked about food, he smiled and said, "I remember one day my father invited General Mahone and four of his men to dinner, and before anyone else got any, they had finished all the food. Then, too, I remember when they brought horses into camp for the cavalry they were fat, healthy animals, but after they stayed for a while they could have rested their chins on their knees.

"The Yanks, they had all the food they wanted. They had some kind of little cakes that they'd put in water and get something that tasted like vegetable soup from it—good stuff, too, as much as I got."

This reminded me of the small bouillon cubes which we have now, and it seemed so strange that this was the incident in my mind from among all his recollections to connect the past with the present.

"The Yanks didn't have any tobacco, so every night we used to meet at the picket line and exchange tobacco for coffee and sugar."

"But weren't you afraid?" I asked.

"Why should we be?" he asked. "They weren't anything but foreigners, and they didn't have anything against us. About the only time they did fight was from 10:30 A. M. to 1:00 P. M., and out of all their fighting a shell never hit a person in Petersburg."

"That's odd," I said. "How did the people protect themselves?"

"I'll tell you," he continued. "Cotton was so plentiful and so expensive one year—'64 I believe it was—that it sold for 63 cents a pound, when it sold at all. The farmers around town used to stack up the bales to make a sort of 'bomb proof' house and everybody would run there when the fighting got dangerously near."

I let the old man rest for a few minutes without plying further questions. At least I thought him to be resting, but he was evidently thinking of someone, for all at once he burst out: "Oh, he was a fine man!"

"Who?" I asked.

"General Mahone," he continued, "he didn't weigh but about ninety-seven pounds, but he wore pleated coats all the time; that was how people who didn't know him recognized 'im. He had an attractive personality; everyone liked him.

"The general was about two miles from the Crater when it was blown up. I was over five miles away, and asleep, but the vibrations of the explosion awakened me. It was a bloody battle, very bloody. The Yankee whites were in the rear and sent the blacks up front, and we were fighting hand-to-hand. We were just picking 'em off. Nobody ever knew what happened to the 'blacks' we captured.

"The saddest incident of all was the soldiers and cannon being blown into the air by the explosion—such shrieking and blood. It was a terrible day, terrible."

The Confederate veteran then turned again to the present and to Petersburg and the people whom he knew.

"Are you coming to the re-enactment of the Battle of the Crater?" I asked.

"I guess I will if you'd tell Homer Adkinson I want to," he replied.

"I certainly shall," I returned.

Thus our conversation ended. I thanked him, and as he shook my hand in farewell, his grasp was not that of a weak old man, but the grasp of a strong soldier. I left him after having promised to return, and I was happy to have spent such pleasant hours with a great old Southerner.

The Moon

By Leona Whitmore

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines through the cracks in the garden wall;
She shines on the ants, and she shines on the bees,
And on birdies asleep on the limbs of the trees.

She shines on the cat and the wee little mouse,
On the dog that's asleep by the door of the house;
She shines on the bat that goes sleeping at noon,
But loves to be out in the light of the moon.

All the things that belong to the day
Cuddle asleep, to be out of her way;
The children and flowers will close their wee eyes,
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

Slurp, Slurp

By Helen Payne



THAT better example of onomatopoeia is to be found in the English language than that indelicate and yet most satisfactory word, "slurp"? Indelicate, because, although it is not indecent, it certainly does not have a particularly refined tone. Very satisfactory (in my estimation, at least) because it describes so sincerely the detestable practice of drinking beverages and soups to the accompaniment of a medley of discordant sounds issuing from the oral cavity.

Mr. Webster surely must never have had the good fortune to encounter this word when he was compiling his famous dictionary, for it does not appear in his renowned collection of words.

Although we do not know the origin of this expressive word, we Americans should feel greatly indebted to that anonymous genius who coined such a useful addition to our language.

But let's get back to the act itself. Let's consider the various types of "slurps." Of the two most important, there is the see-how-much-you-can-eat type. (The scientific name of which is stuffstomitis.) The performer usually possesses three times as many chins as he was originally provided with, and the middle section of his anatomy has enlarged to double its former proportions. This type of slurp is extremely harsh in sound and irritates the ear.

Then there is the ever popular take-it-easy type which belongs wholly to those inclined to be lazy or of a delicate appetite. This type, although not as widely used as the former, is not quite so harsh in sound. One might say that it resembles a waltz whereas its more energetic brother resembles "Tiger Rag."

Now that you are acquainted with the historical, scientific and musical sides of the matter, let's proceed to the most disagreeable part—the effect upon one's disposition (the spectator's or, to be more exact, the listener's). What is more disturbing than to breakfast, dine, or sup to the tune of "slurp, slurp" played upon a most ordinary instrument, the mouth and spoon of your table partner? This has a dire effect upon the listener's physical as well as moral well being. Besides, the fact that slurping noises upset your nerves and play havoc with your sweet sunny disposition, thereby hindering digestion, continual slurping diverts your attention from your meal as you sit fascinated and watch the performer put on his act unaware of being observed. It is peculiar that slurpers are

hardly ever conscious of their actions being closely scrutinized or even that they are guilty of breaking one of the first rules of table etiquette. Consequently, after being so highly entertained, you arise from the table to find that you have scarcely partaken of the very tempting victuals placed before you, so absorbed were you in the personal static of that one man band. You can readily see the ruinous effect this would have upon a person's health if he had to endure three times every day the music of such an unharmonious orchestra.

The more slurping, the more anger; the more anger, the more indigestion. What to do? Abolish slurping or slurpers? I am not so certain as to the legality of doing away with all slurpers by foul means. The best plan is to alleviate the practice. It seems that with all the present day alphabetical organizations there should be a N. M. S. (No More Slurping) which should publish pamphlets on the subject and form preventive committees. Private citizens of every community forming anti-slurp societies might be an aid. Action should be taken immediately.

Here's to a brighter future with fewer slurps!



Alone

By Ben Hill

Posing high upon the hill,
Standing lonely, dreaming still,
Of her lost love who had left,
Really by an act of theft.

Trying hard to hide her grief,
Making up a new belief,
That a new love she would find,
That could help her ease her mind.

Even though she felt so blue,
She was proud and pretty, too,
Standing lonely on that hill,
That one pretty daffodil.

Escape

By Natalie Lavenstein



FREDRICK MARX raised his head, thrust aside the papers on his desk, and threw back his shoulders as his secretary entered the room. His face, strong and handsome although no longer young—Herr Marx was well on in his fifties—bore traces of perplexity and fatigue.

"Well, Anna?" he asked.

"There are two officers to see you, Mein Herr," she answered. "Will you see them now?"

"In just a little while," he replied. "I want to talk to you for a few minutes first. Sit down over there, Anna," he suggested as he himself rose.

"How long have you been with me?" he questioned.

"Twenty-three years," answered Anna, recalling the day Fredrick Marx first opened his law office. Much water had flowed under the bridge since that day. A beautiful suite of offices took the place of the one room where he had begun his practice. He was now considered the best lawyer in Strassbourg and one of the wealthiest men in Germany.

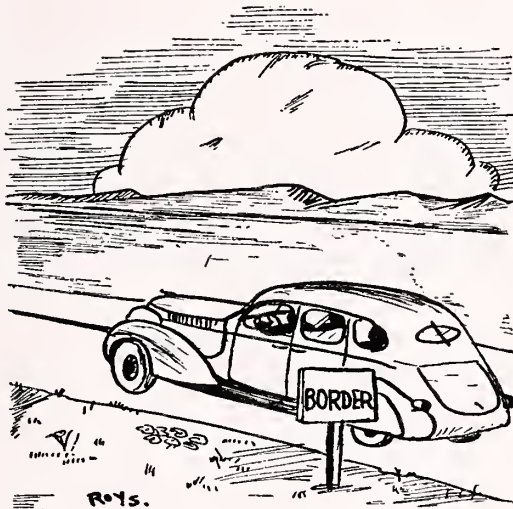
"Anna, I intend to leave Germany today—perhaps forever."

"Forever! It is very wise of you. You have worked so hard and need the rest badly, but where will you go? You will not be able to exist on the small amount of money the German Government allows you to take out of the country with you. The borders are carefully guarded; it is impossible to get out of the country with your money."

"Anna, please do not question my actions. In my private vault you will find an envelope addressed to you. I want you to have the contents as a token of my appreciation."

"Mein Herr—!"

"There is no time to talk, Anna. Tell Karl to have my car ready; I think I shall send for it soon. God knows if we shall ever meet again."



Anna—good luck and God bless you.”

Anna had scarcely closed the door to Marx's private office when it was opened again, and two tall broad-shouldered men dressed in Nazi uniforms entered.

Marx arose from his chair and greeted them; “Good day, gentlemen, what can I do for you?”

“Herr Marx,” spoke one of the officers whose name was Heilbutt, “We have been sent by the German Government.”

“Please state your business, sir,” he said.

“We have reason to believe that you have drawn your money from the Strassbourgh bank,” stated Heilbutt.

“What business is it of the German Government,” asked Marx, “if I wish to keep my money in my own vault?”

“That is just it, Herr Marx; we have proof that you have put that money in the banks of another country, which is against the law,” replied Heilbutt.

“And what is this so-called proof you have, sir?” questioned Marx.

“Letters,” exclaimed Klien, the other officer, taking two letters from his pocket and showing them to Marx. “Letters from the presidents of two large banks in Switzerland saying they have just opened large accounts in your name. They realized the importance of the matter and immediately placed it in the hands of the government. Can you deny this?”

“Gentlemen,” cried Marx, “it is incredible. There must be some mistake. I tell you I have done no such thing. This matter must be straightened out at once.”

“Herr Marx, you are under arrest until it is straightened out,” replied Heilbutt.

“Gentlemen,” Marx said, “I have my car and chauffeur downstairs. I suggest we drive over the border to Basel, Switzerland, to investigate the matter thoroughly.”

“I'm sorry; that cannot be done,” replied Heilbutt.

“But surely, sir,” exclaimed Marx, “there can be no harm. I should be under your guard until this foolish matter is straightened out.”

The two officers spoke for a moment together, after which Heilbutt agreed there could be no danger.

Herr Marx walked out of his office with a Nazi officer on either side. As they got into Marx's car Heilbutt told Karl to drive over the border to Basel.

Frederick Marx's mind was miles away from the stupid conversation the two officers carried on. He could not help being a little nervous when he thought what the outcome might be if anything went wrong with his

plan. He would probably be put into one of the horrible concentration camps, or perhaps killed immediately. Then what would be the good of the money and social position for which he'd worked so hard? He raised his head to see why the car had suddenly stopped. Then he realized they were crossing the German border into Switzerland. He heard Heilbutt talking to the German guard—Heilbutt was telling the guard that it was all right for them to pass and he need not search the car or occupants. The car sped on.

An hour later the car drew up in front of a large bank in Basel. The three men went inside while Karl remained in the car. They walked into a private office where Heilbutt asked the young lady at the desk if they would be able to see Herr Shultz, the president of the bank. Just then the door opened and an elderly man entered.

The young lady said, "Herr Shultz, these gentlemen wish to see you."

"How do you do, Herr Shultz," began Heilbutt; "my name is Heilbutt, and this is Herr Klein; we are officers of the German Government. This is Herr Fredrick Marx, with whom I believe you have had business dealings."

"How do you do, gentlemen?" said Shultz. "Herr Marx, I have often heard of you but never had the pleasure to meet you."

"It is a pleasure for me," remarked Herr Marx, as he shook hands with Shultz.

"Herr Shultz, I have a letter you wrote the German Government saying you had just opened an account for Herr Marx," said Heilbutt getting terribly excited. "Is not this your signature?"

"No, it is not," said Shultz as he looked at the letter Heilbutt was holding. "There must be some mistake; that letter has not been sent from this bank."

"I told you before I have opened no bank account in Switzerland or any other country. These letters must be someone's idea of a joke on the government and myself," said Marx.

"Herr Shultz, may I use your telephone to call the bank in Zurich? I must make sure of this," said Heilbutt.

Heilbutt emerged from the room with a big grin on his face after calling Zurich to find out about the letter. He walked toward Marx and put out his hand. "Herr Marx, it must have been a joke or someone trying to get you in trouble. The president of the bank in Zurich, Herr Jackmann, said he has sent no such letter and has no record of your opening an account. Please forgive us for causing you all of this trouble and embarrassment."

Herr Shultz said he was busy, excused himself and went into his private office.

"Gentlemen," said Marx as the three men approached the sidewalk, "I think I shall stay here in Switzerland for a much needed vacation. You can easily take the train back to Strassbourg."

"Certainly," replied Heilbutt. "In that case we shall leave you now. Goodby, Herr Marx, and again forgive us for ever suspecting you of such a thing."

"Forget it, gentlemen, you did only your duty."

Marx watched the two Nazi officers get into a cab and drive away.

As he got into his car, Karl asked, "How did you do it, Mein Herr?"

"Karl, it went through perfectly. I have been planning this for months. I wrote two letters to the German Government and forged the name of Herr Shultz and Herr Jackmann, presidents of the banks. They were the two letters I had to drive to Switzerland—and to mail—remember? Of course no one knows I wrote them myself. When we get to my villa, Karl, I want you to unrip the lining in the car and take the money out."

[Author's note: This story is based upon a true episode.]



Youth's Dreams

By Helen Mayes

Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever go
To distant lands or cities far away?
I wonder if I'll ever see the snow
That lingers on the mountain peaks till May?
I've longed to know a thousand other things—
Volcanoes, and the islands of the sea.
I'd go to woodlands where the pheasant sings
Its lilting song declaring life is free.
But I have only melancholy dreams
With which to make my dreary life content.
I fear I'll never know my fondest schemes
Till seasons pass and all my youth is spent.
And yet, who knows, perhaps I'll never roam;
Happiest hearts are those who stay at home.

A Virginia Boy's Experience, 1864-65

By Alice D. Jones



HE man stared at the Richmond paper with unseeing eyes. The words: "and wish, if possible, to find the owner or his descendants of saddle bags marked Mrs. Rosa C. Jones, Richmond, Va., captured at Battle of Sailor's Creek, 1865," brought back poignant memories. He recalled his war experiences and saw again the boy he had been.

In June, 1864, Virginia skies smiled as bright a blue as if disaster did not hang over the Confederacy. The enervating heat and the drowsy atmosphere of early summer might have tempted a dreamer out to lie on the grass in the cool shadows. But the sad-eyed boy leaning against the store window was not contemplating such a course. He was wistfully wishing that he were not merely thirteen. Walter Nelson Jones, ever since the beginning of the war, had cherished the ambition of fighting for Virginia. Now with Grant threatening Petersburg and the war so near home, it seemed as though he might have his chance. Too young to realize the impending tragedy, he felt only the call to defend his home. But Walter's Cousin Lucy, with whom he lived, thought thirteen much too young to begin a military career, though her reasons for such an assumption seemed completely without foundation—to Walter at least.

Thomas Smyth, Cousin Lucy's husband, was too old a man to be in the regular army; but he proudly bore the commission of Lieutenant in the Petersburg Reserves, and even this staid position was ardently envied by young Walter. With Grant pressing closer and closer to Petersburg, which the thin grey lines could scarcely defend, Lieutenant Smyth had gone out with his Company. And young Walter was in charge of the Wholesale Grocery Company, a responsibility which weighed heavily on his thirteen-year-old independence.

It was his duty to guard the store, and guard it he would, but oh, how he wished that the paths of duty had led toward a more spectacular service. The dauntless courage of the V. M. I. Cadets in the Battle of New Market was still ringing in his ears. Many of these boys were scarcely older than he.

"If only," he thought, "I could be in the army too! Why, I could if it weren't for the store." The very idea startled him; yet if it were not

for his trust, he could go out and join the Petersburg Reserves.

"There's nobody left to come to the store anyhow. If I locked it up, nothing could happen—nothing at all."

Because he was young and his imagination was fired by Southern deeds of heroism, Walter made a sudden decision. His fingers trembling with excitement, he closed the shutters and latched the door.

With an affected nonchalance Walter hurried down the deserted streets. To his own ears at least, his heart was pounding so loudly that it seemed as though the Yankees themselves could hear it. His glowing enthusiasm had painted in his mind pictures of himself as a dashing soldier doing deeds of miraculous courage. Thus his ardor was dampened and his dignity offended when a soldier jocularly addressed him as "sonny" and asked what his mother had sent him for.

With all the dignity he could muster he asked for Lieutenant Smyth's captain. Fortune was with Walter, for he did not meet his cousin. The captain, a kindly man with a worried air, listened gravely to this boy who was offering his services to the Confederacy. However, he accepted gladly. In those hectic days anyone was a welcome recruit to the gallant army of the South. It was almost literally true that the army robbed the cradle and the grave.

Young Walter looked around him. Where were the glory and the gaiety of camp life? The men who were waiting feverishly, restless for the battle so soon to begin, were gaunt and haggard, with desperate, hungry eyes. Walter had known, of course, that the South was terribly poor, but he had thought of its soldiers as proud and gay. Young as he was, he realized that here was something strange and terrible sweeping them all to swift destruction. But Walter was a lad, and this feeling lasted only a moment. Almost as soon as it came, it left his mind, vaguely stirred to depths untouched before. He felt only a deep disappointment.

Just then Lieutenant Smyth came up. To his great astonishment he saw his young cousin. Hurrying to him, he asked, "What are you doing here?"

"The same thing that you are, sir," answered Walter respectfully.

"Well, I must ask you to go home at once," Lieutenant Smyth continued.

Walter looked at him for a moment. Then he said quietly, "I can't do that, sir."

Lieutenant Smyth looked at the grave young face before him and changed his tactics. He took out a scrap of paper and hastily scrawled a brief note on it. Finishing with a sound that was almost a sigh, he handed the note to Walter. "Take that to Mrs. Smyth," he said brusquely.

Turning on his heel, he looked back to add, "That's an order."

Much as he resented it, Walter set out with the note. When you're in the army, you have to obey orders, he thought; for not even to himself would Walter admit that he felt Lieutenant Smyth had been unfair.

At last he reached the farm and Cousin Lucy. While Walter's tired horse was being rubbed down and he himself rested and fed, Cousin Lucy was struggling with a decision. When at last she came downstairs, her face was white and set.

Wasting no time on preliminaries Cousin Lucy looked at Walter, and there was a question in her eyes.

Then he was pleading with her, "Really, Cousin Lucy, I am a soldier. It is my duty to return to the army. Why, if I don't it will be desertion."

She placed her hands on his shoulders and her voice shook ever so slightly as she answered: "You're right, Walter; you're a man now."

As he rode away, her words echoed in Walter's heart. He was very proud of her simple praise. But not until after the battle did he feel that he was really a man. He had seen the tattered grey lines charge—men with grim purpose on their haggard faces—seen these men with their desperate courage fall into breach after breach over a mine that would soon blow them to bits, heard the wild, exultant rebel yell burst from Southern throats, heard the screams of agony from the wounded. Walter felt years older than he had been the day before.

Long years afterwards when people would speak of the splendid defense of Petersburg, Walter would remember the terrible glory and the courage whose reward was death. And he would remember the dying soldier who said, "It is not just us that are dying; it is the Confederacy."

The following year, 1865, saw further realization of Walter's military ambitions. Through the April mud, Walter's old horse slowly plodded along, while her rider was wondering how he could possibly return to Cousin Lucy's with the army blocking the road in such a way that getting through the lines was practically impossible.

"How strange," Walter thought, "that these few men can block the roads, and yet they're so exhausted and hungry that they couldn't even stop a few Yankees."

Soon Walter found that it would not be feasible for him to take the machinery he was carrying back to the plantation. So, to his secret delight, he was permitted again to join the army, and this time it was the regular army.

Walter was placed in charge of a group of supply wagons. In one of these wagons he stored away his father's saddle bags so that they would come to no harm.

When the wagon train was attacked by a band of Yankees, far superior in numbers to his own handful, Walter wisely decided to abandon the wagons and reach the rest of the army as quickly as possible. As he left, looking over his shoulder, he saw the Yankees setting fire to the wagons, and he thought regretfully of his lost saddle bags.

Thus it happened that Walter, instead of guarding the army's meager supplies, was with the main force of the army at Appomattox on April 9.

He never forgot the heart-breaking scene of General Lee bidding farewell to the army of Northern Virginia: men who had shouted the rebel yell whispered brokenly the name of their beloved commander; brave hearts that had never feared in battle now quailed; grim weather-beaten cheeks were for the first time wet with tears. Walter always cherished a picture of their leader, sitting there so straight and proud, victorious even in defeat.

With a start Walter returned to reality. Gone was the enthusiastic boy who had refused a parole in the hope of going to North Carolina to join Johnston. And something else was gone too: the Confederacy and the gods who defended it through worse than death.



Easter Morning

By Genevieve Moody

A slender, graceful girl one day
Was gaily tripping across the lawn;
Her eyes did shine; her face was gay
And her golden curls were like the beams
Of the rising sun at early dawn.

Her bright blue eyes were dancing drops
Of gleaming, sparkling morning dew;
The cloudless sky above the tops
Of gently swaying willow trees
Made her pretty eyes more blue.

She harkened to the bird's sweet sound
And to the early robin's song
That issued from the trees around
And seemed like happy Easter bells
That tell of Jesus gone so long.

Dizzy

By Ben Hill



HAVING been given an assignment to write an essay on my pet aversion, or some dislike, I sat down at my desk and started to see what I could produce. After thinking of many varied dislikes, I decided that I could not write the required length essay on any of them.

As I started writing, my pen suddenly became very stubborn and the only word it seemed to want to write was "essay"—so I wrote it—"essay." I thought awhile about that word, and the more I thought about it or looked at it the more I hated it. That is how I found one of my pet aversions.

Many, many times since the assignment had been given, I had been thinking of what I'd write mine on. It seemed that every time I would begin writing on what had seemed such a good subject, I would find I could write only a couple of sentences.

How discouraging! I tried again later on with the same sort of bad luck; and then again I would try only to get more discouragement.

Whenever I got a bright thought that I might use, or a witty saying, or even a quotation that I thought that I might use, I would write it down and then try to put them together into what would always start out to be fairly good, but end up only one page long. Such is life!

Using the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," for courage to continue, I, in looking about my desk, noticed a dictionary. So I decided to find out what Mr. Webster had to say about essays, and here is what I found:

Essay, n. 1, an effort; trial; attempt. 2, a literary composition dealing with its subject from a more or less limited or personal standpoint.

And while I had the dictionary there, I might just as well look up "aversion." He said an aversion is a state of mind in which attention to an object is coupled with dislike of it and desire to turn from it; an object of dislike or repugnance. Well, there I am! So what! Not a bit farther than I was before. Guess I had better think some more—thought I.

Now I'll think of all the things that I dislike, I would say to myself. Cats? No, I tried them and couldn't find enough to write about. Rain? Although there has been plenty of it for inspiration of late, I could think of little to write there. Winter? How I hate it! But I found myself in the same predicament as with the cats and the rain.

Well, then, beginning to get very disgusted with myself, I decided

that maybe something personal might do the trick. Bathtubs? Horrible things! Showers are so much nicer—tubs are always dirty when you don't have time to wash them, and mother calls, "Son, you forgot to wash out the tub." That subject didn't last long either. The bed? Although in itself it is a fine piece of furniture, I do really loathe to get into it at night. To make it worse, sometimes your feet come out of the cover and the cold wind from a nearby open window gets under the cover with you. Horror! Then you can't get up the nerve to brave the cold air long enough to tuck the cover in—and, too, there is getting up in the morning, another dislike of mine. But I found myself still not able to write three pages on any of them.

That is just a bit of what one goes through with when writing an essay. I felt as though I were going around in circles, feeling thoroughly beaten, and this dizzy episode is the outcome of what I had hoped to be a good essay.



The Passerby

By Mildred Clements

Down the lane of a shady street
A figure slowly passed;
No one seemed to know him.
And no one seemed to care.

The children laughed as he went by;
The rich man scoffed and sneered;
The poor man watched his lagging steps;
The old shrank quickly back.

He turned to laugh as he passed them by
And seemed as if to say,
"I get you all on some dark day,
For who escapes me, Death?"

Friends Though Divided

By John Hardman



HE Yanks are coming! It was in the fall of the year of 1864, that year that was so disastrous to the South, that tidings were spread throughout the entire state of Georgia that Sherman was marching through the state laying waste everything in his path. This was the march which made him famous in the North, but which made his name the most infamous in Georgian history.

A few days after the first news of the march had come came the refugees with tales of burning and plundering. These were made welcome at every house at which they stopped. The experiences of which some told were tragic.

"I was in the house knitting," one woman said, "when I heard a commotion outside. I went out, and there in the yard I saw a small group of Yankee soldiers who had just marched up. I asked them what they wanted.

"'Get everyone out of the house; we are going to burn it. General's orders,' one said almost apologetically.

"'Everyone is out, sir,' I answered.

"The torch was applied and the house had begun to burn very rapidly when I heard a scream and saw a slave girl in a fainting condition. I was told that she had left her two-year-old boy in the kitchen. I ran quickly to a door that opened into the kitchen from the outside. The room was filled with smoke, but I rushed in and stood searching frantically about the room. I heard a small cry and groped my way to where it came from. The boy was in a box in the corner. I grasped him and ran towards the doorway, barely discernible because of the smoke. When I got outside, I fainted. When I became conscious of my surroundings, I saw that every



outhouse was on fire. The soldiers were leaving, but they had stripped the farm of pigs, cows, horses and chickens. I had no place to stay there, so I am going up in the state to the home of my relatives."

Such were the tragic stories of these homeless people. These created greater panics. All began to bury their silverware and valuables, and in some instances they concealed their livestock in ravines in forests.

There was none of this panic on one plantation. The only white person on it was a diminutive little woman. She was only five feet tall. Her hair was streaked with grey, but she gazed at the world with a pair of fearless blue eyes.

"Mose, harvest that west field of rye today," she ordered her faithful overseer.

"Ain't you fearful dat dem Yankee men will git our horses, Mis' Moley?" he queried.

"Indeed I'm not, Mose. That field needs harvesting right away. To-day will be the best time."

"Good-morning," came a voice from the direction of the road.

When she looked up, she saw a wagon piled high with household goods, pulled by a sorrel horse. The voice emanated from the top of this pile. She saw on this a man, his wife and three children.

"Good-morning," she answered.

"May I get some water for my family and horse?" asked the man.

"You are welcome to it," she replied.

While they were quenching their thirst and that of their horse, she learned that they had fled before Sherman. They warned her of the danger that would soon be there, thanked her for the water, and went on their way.

The next two days she spent seated on the porch scanning the cloudless horizon, searching, ever searching for what she dreaded most to see—smoke. Smoke from the farm houses and graneries of her neighbors. But even as she watched for this tale-bearer of disaster, her horses were in the fields, the silverware was in the kitchen, the pigs were in their pens, and the chickens ran rampant over the plantation.

The next day dawned fair and bright. The birds darted to and fro among the bright colored leaves of the trees. The mocking bird trilled one rollicking note after the other, and the flowers of this season raised their bright petals to be kissed by the sun, but all this was overshadowed by a foreboding sense of disaster that could not be dispelled.

She had been seated in her chair but a short time when she saw the smoke.

"Lila," she called.

"Yes, Ma'm, Miss Molly," Lila answered from the kitchen.

"Get that last ham from the smoke house. Kill six hens and that red rooster. Cook enough bread for about twenty-five men. Get Liza and Maggie and do this as fast as you can."

Then she sat back and visioned the years of ceaseless toil going up in smoke. She named the owners of the plantations whose farm houses were burning. There to her left was Mr. Franklin's and to the east was Mr. Kelley's. For nearly an hour she watched the ghostly spirals circle slowly upward and vanish in the cloudless heavens.

Another hour and she sighted the vanguard. It was swinging along at a brisk gait seemingly oblivious to the heartaches and destruction it was leaving behind it. When they were only a half mile distant, she called Lila.

"Have you done what I told you to, Lila?" she asked.

"Yas, Ma'm, I has," Lila answered.

"Well, leave it on the stove to keep warm," she said. "Send Mose to me," she added as an afterthought.

"Mose," she said when he had come to her, "tell the slaves not to worry. We will lose our last ham and six or seven chickens, but I don't think anything will be harmed."

As soon as Mose had gone, she saw the soldiers were only a few hundred yards down the road. Though in her heart she trembled at the ordeal she had to face, no one could have guessed it from her brisk walk and up-lifted head as she passed into the house.

The soldiers were breaking ranks. Each man knew his part in the grim task ahead. One or two started toward the barn, some more turned toward the outhouses, and the lieutenant came to the house to issue orders to the effect that all persons must vacate the house because it was going to be burned. As he started to ascend the steps, Mrs. Williams stepped out on the porch. A swift change came over the stern face of the lieutenant, for she had a snow-white apron tied around her waist. On this in blue letters were a square, a compass, and the letter "G" arranged to form the symbol of that world-wide organization—the Masons. He quickly doffed his hat and called his bugler.

"Sound assembly," he ordered.

The clear notes of the bugle rang out in the morning air, and each soldier left his grim task and hastened to assemble in the yard.

"Has anyone started a fire?" he asked.

Each man replied in the negative.

Turning to Mrs. Williams he said, "I am proud to meet the wife of a member of our brotherhood. Thank God that you had the wisdom to let

me know. We should like to have some water before we leave."

"I have dinner prepared for you. Won't you come in and eat?" she invited.

"With pleasure," he said, and led by Mrs. Williams, he marched into the dining-room.

"Are your men folks in the war?" he asked.

"Yes, my husband and three sons went."

"Have you any knowledge of their whereabouts?"

"The last I heard of my husband he was a prisoner at Cumberland Gap, Virginia. One is with General Lee, one with Joseph E. Johnston and the other"—here her voice trembled for the first time—"the other one was killed at Gettysburg."

The soldiers soon finished the best meal that they had eaten since they left home, and as each passed out he mumbled a word of thanks to Mrs. Williams.

The troop assembled in the yard and were about to leave.

"Stephens and Jennings, come forward," the lieutenant ordered.

The two men broke ranks and stood at attention in front of the lieutenant.

"You two men stay here until the stragglers have passed. Guard this home as you would your own, and anyone you catch molesting this plantation, shoot and shoot to kill!"

The soldiers swung quickly into line. As one man, they saluted the small lady; then they marched down the road.

When the last one could no longer be seen, Mrs. Williams untied the apron and reverently returned it to its place.





“The Street of the Fishing Cat”

By Jolan Foldes

Translated by Elizabeth Jacobi (Farrar and Rhinehart) January, 1937.

Reviewed by Alice D. Jones

“**T**HE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT” is the first international prize novel. This is a story of people of many nations held together by the common bond of homelessness. Because the characters are of all nations, one might expect a dramatic plot and famous individuals. Neither is present. The story is austere, simple, and the main characters are unlettered Hungarian peasants. However, lacking both an exciting plot and heroic characters, “The Street of the Fishing Cat” has something that is far better than either—a style so exquisitely simple and beautiful that it reaches emotional heights such as few modern novelists have attained.

Jolan Foldes is a Hungarian, who lived for several years in Paris. In Paris—the city of refugees—she found the background for her story. And because Miss Foldes was poor then, she has revealed in this, her first novel, what Anna Barabas, the Hungarian girl with the mind of a peasant and the soul of a poet, says is the heart of the real Paris—poor, hard-working Paris.

Even to one unfamiliar with the names of Paris streets “The Street of the Fishing Cat” is an intriguing title. As Anna says, a cat is a cat wherever you go, and the imaginary cat is not so strange as the people to the lonely little girl.

“The Street of the Fishing Cat” is an example of Wordsworth’s theory that the simple, every-day things are the true material for the poet. And Miss Foldes is a poet who writes in prose.

The characters are exiled in Paris for different reasons. Most are political refugees, but the Barabas family have come to Paris for the simple reason that they cannot earn even the barest subsistence in Hungary: Barabas, skilled furrier that he is, cannot find work there. Twice political crises between Hungary and France deprive the three wage-earners, Barabas, his wife, and Anna, of their jobs. Their friends—exiled communists, anarchists, socialists, capitalists, aristocrats, idealists—all try to point out to these simple souls that in a quarrel between nations the individual is submerged, but they do not understand; to them it is only unfair and wrong; they do not seek the reason, only the remedy.

After one of these upheavals which caused such violent racial prejudice, Barabas and Anna, then twenty-six, return to Hungary, happy to think that at last they are going home. Home! How that word comes to mock them. Their return is poignant tragedy. Hungary is no longer home to the exiles—the years have wrought many changes. Lonely, they return to Paris, which is not home either. Then Anna realizes that this is their fate: they will always be homeless.

Only Klari, Anna's young sister, has been uprooted from her native soil at the right time. Only she will not remain an alien. Klari has her career—she is going to be a doctor. And then, too, she has her French fiance. But the real reason that Klari has adapted herself to French life is neither her ideal temperament, which nothing ever ruffles, nor the fact that she was only seven when the Barabas family left Hungary. It is that at seven Klari was not developed emotionally as was Jani at nine.

Jani, too, has a career—engineering; but Jani and his French Albertine are too unlike ever to find happiness together. Finally they both realize this, but the break leaves sensitive Jani unhappy and purposeless.

Anna, however—odd, quiet Anna—is Miss Foldes' greatest character. When the family comes to France, Anna catches her first glimpse of the Swiss Alps. In the heart of the child there is born a love of beauty that will last all her life. Miss Foldes expresses it in these beautiful sentences:

“—and stone, snow and pine together are miracle and beauty. There are such mysterious unions: sea and cloud, sky and wheat field, sunshine and crimson flowers, and man has been endeavoring for thousands of years to approach and absorb their secret. On canvas and on paper, with words and with music, men have been attempting it; the three children try to do it simply with their eyes, and the result is more or less the same: sweet, tormented, agitated fatigue.”

All her life long in things and in people Anna is seeking with indescribable longing the majestic guardians of these mountain peaks. When Anna is fifteen, she is in love with Vassja, or rather she worships him as

a hero. She cloaks Vassja with all the grandeur of the mountains, and her ideals are a halo for his head. Her faith and trust are not misplaced, for, though Vassja thinks of Anna only as a child, he is a fine ideal for the little girl. But Anna's ideals are not strong enough to endure without any tangible realization, so, after Vassja's death, Anna becomes embittered.

Because she is starved for love, at last she gives her heart to the faithless Istvan whom she really despises. He praises her beauty, and her hungry heart is grateful. But Istvan is a cheat in business as well as in love; so he ends in prison, and Anna is not even sorry.

Anna's third love is Fedor. Perhaps she is drawn to him first because he was Vassja's friend. But in Fedor Anna finds a comrade who is lonely and homesick too. He is but a shadow of Vassja's youthful idealism, but in him Anna sees, though dimmed by the years and disillusionment, what she craved from the mountains—majesty.

So Ann fulfils Miss Foldes' prophecy of the first chapter: "The little girl's heart is aching, her breath comes and goes in spasms. She looks up to the heights, looks at the straight pines, at the white glow of the snow—at this hard and infallible world that needs no help. It is all so perfect, so lonely, so distant. Majesty! The little girl cowers on the dirty floor of the corridor and does not know that this is what she will seek all her life, this silence, this haughty grandeur, this majesty. She will probe her own soul for it, hunger for it in alien souls, unconsciously thirst for it as long as she lives."



"Audubon"

By Constance Rourke

Reviewed by Anne McCann



HO was this man Audubon? We know that he had something to do with birds—indeed, we vaguely realize that there are Audubon societies for the protection of our winged friends. If we turn to an encyclopedia, we probably find: "Audubon, John James, (1780-1851), American Ornithologist." To banish this fog, I can suggest nothing better than to read Constance Rourke's new biography of Audubon.

We find in her book the real Audubon. He was indeed a gifted man, but he had quite the usual problems in life, perhaps more than his share of struggles. Through Miss Rourke's eyes we see him as representative of the growing culture of the American frontier. At this time the fron-

tier was outgrowing the crude ways of the earlier life, when all effort must be turned to the necessities of existence. People were beginning to have time to develop the arts, to live more comfortably. We may have known Audubon, but certainly Miss Rourke has given us a new light on him in his relation to the development of our country.

From his very earliest days, Audubon was conscious of a great desire to know and to draw birds. Poor drawings, these first few turned out to be, but perseverance played a large part in Audubon's nature. (It is said to be a characteristic of genius.) Continually trying, always striving for the perfect, he finally satisfied his own artistic soul. That was a work of years.

He took up residence in America while he was yet quite young. At his father's instigation, he left well-ordered but war-torn France and set off for the New World. It may have been the pioneer spirit—the elation which young Audubon felt. He knew not what he might find in America; he scarcely cared, but he was ready for everything. And that was just about what he found. He found peace and love; he found distress and poverty; he found happiness in achievement.

Miss Rourke shows us a gay lad, this young Frenchman. He was bound to make an impression on the people he met. Many friends were his—some enemies, too. His friends knew him as a rather shy fellow, though underneath was a demanding nature, and even self-assurance. He would have preferred not to consider business details, though he was not entirely lacking in business sense. He was indeed an artist, one of those fortunate mortals for whom the world should make an easy path, but seldom does.

From Louisiana to Labrador, Audubon knew the bird lore of America. It was his undying ambition to make all American people (as well as any others interested) know their birds. It is hard to appreciate the lengths to which he went in order to gain this end. He would lie motionless for hours observing the habits of a few chimney swifts or dusky-yellow phoebes; he would crouch in mud and swamp to watch a pair of herons. The effort he must have spent on his thousand-odd drawings for the "Birds of America" seems tremendous. Besides this, he had to give drawing lessons—giving up long and valuable hours—to meet the ever-present demands for money. And after that, there were subscriptions that must be sold before the work could be published.

I repeat, who was this man Audubon? Was he an ornithologist, a scientist? Yes, he was an ornithologist, but not a scientist in the strictest sense. He was too much of an artist for that. Primary in his drawings were realistic likenesses, but blended in was a sense of design that

was nothing less than sheer beauty. Miss Rourke brings out this interesting fact many times in her biography. For example:

"In these years he was clearly concerned with the conquest of design, though this grew more difficult as he used more and more exquisite natural forms. He fronted many problems in color and pattern which he was to solve slowly, only by most patient labor and experiment."

Clear and direct in character, it is queer that there should be such haziness surrounding his birth. The author tells us that he may possibly have been born in America. She also gives expression to the thought that he may have been of the French royal family; in fact, she lingers on the interesting legend that Audubon may have been the lost dauphin of France. "Not proven" is all that can be said about it. It seems to be an entirely new idea, and many critics have been prone to censure its touch of the fantastic. It is fantastic, scarcely believable to our skeptical modern minds. It is more like a fairy story, one of those delightful bits of romance which we hastily delegate to children.


Withal, we feel safe in Miss Rourke's deft hands. We feel that she is giving the true story of Audubon's life. At any rate, she has given us an interesting biography, and one well worth the trouble of reading.



"Heads and Tails"

By Malvina Hoffman

Reviewed by Jean Owens

"AVE proposition to make, do you care to consider it? Racial types to be modeled while travelling around the world." This telegram to Malvin Hoffman inaugurated a work which called for one hundred racial types, requiring five years to complete—a project which would have startled Cellini himself, who was noted for the gigantic figures he undertook. All this to comprise a Hall of Man in the Field Museum at Chicago—Mr. Field's brilliant scheme for drawing sight-seers to the exhibit of anthropology. A project of tremendous scale to make money—sufficient money to equip the museum in an alive and up-to-date fashion.

Although travel literature is flooding the market, "Heads and Tails" will undoubtedly demand an important place. The reason is simple: the

usual run of these books has been romantic Baedekers and picture-presenting description. Whereas, one feels that this work is similar to a university, because it consists of a number of units, comprising quite a liberal education. Each of these units might easily be studied separately.

"Behind the Scenes in Sculpture" composes exactly seven per cent of the book, but in that short space Malvina Hoffman has condensed a complete history of sculpture. In addition to that, concise accounts of statuary in the making are presented in graphic style. This style is not a literary flower of eloquence but a scientific report and must be read as such throughout the book. Nevertheless, numbers of her statements are singularly beautiful in the original thoughts she expresses (such an individual person is bound to be unique in her thoughts) and the phrases she coins—"a heart spread its wings in the new ether of musical mysteries." At times they are incongruous with the surrounding matter-o'-fact flatness. She is stating plain facts she has learned under Madame Experience, and she does not dramatize them.

The autobiographical preface reveals a great deal as to why a woman was chosen by the Field Museum to build a Hall of Man. There were five gifted children in her family whose parents were singularly talented, a father, recognized as a genius of piano even in his infancy, and a mother, discerning the foibles of the human mind without benefit of psychologists. In the rhythm and portraiture of her sculpture there is expressed the beautiful appreciation of music and the character comprehension inherited from her mother and ameliorated by practical wisdom. The autobiography especially discloses what a difficult study the gigantic science of sculpture is—particularly so for a woman. Miss Hoffman is fully qualified to speak of all the branches of this art as she is one of the few sculptors who have completely executed their work themselves from the clay model to the bronze painting. All of this accompanied by an infinite capacity for hard work totals the leading woman sculptor and one of the best in the science. The masters under whom she perfected her technique—Rodin of Paris and Mestrovic of Yugo-Slavia among others—are discussed, not in glowing colors, but in the magic of facts. Brief, but very full, are the life stories of Pavlowa and Paderewski of whom Miss Hoffman made most expressive sculpture. Before she was permitted to portray the immortal "Bacchanale" of the great dancer, she had to learn under the instruction of Pavlowa herself all its intricate details.

In "The Races of Man" a rather detailed account of her journeys around the world is expressed. Her experiences during this trip were varied; the Indian rajah who left waiting a horde of guests to talk sculpturing, contact with strange customs like cutting out one's liver to give

strength to a broth, training natives to sculpture, modeling on a Ford car, and so on ad infinitum.

Unique in this account is her style of outlining the characteristics of the people whom she studied rather than presenting the time-worn descriptions of the Asiatic lands and western countries that she visited.

Her philosophy as expressed through this book adds a personal element to the work. She follows Elbert Hubbard's rule: "Know thyself and thou shalt know the universe." During her wide experiences all over the globe she has come to believe that all human emotions of the races are identical though differently expressed.

The amazing thing to the casual reader is the author's impersonal attitude toward Samuel Grimson whom she has since divorced. He was the ideal help-meet, musical in nature (an accomplished violinist) and adaptive to her work, becoming an expert photographer. Without his help in this great search for heads the final exhibit would have lacked the broader field of research his movies and intricate pictures of wild life gave.

Even without his aid and that of their plaster-caster, Jean de Marco, the indomitable courage of Miss Hoffman would very probably have forced her to complete a Herculean task—whose fruits are preserved for future races of man.



"General William Mahone"

By Nelson Morehouse Blake

Reviewed by Patricia Lindsay



R. BLAKE is a cautious man, in fact, much too cautious. In his first book, "General William Mahone," he has a peculiar desire for adhering to "reference book" facts, refusing to elaborate on any dry statement or to change it in any way to make a more interesting or illuminating statement. The effect is tedious and certainly very boring.

In his foreword he states that on the recommendation of Dr. William K. Boyd of Duke University he began a study of the development of the railroad in Virginia as a subject for a Ph. D. thesis, from which research sprang this book. Of the fact, we have no doubt—it sounds like one. His opening chapter is composed of a long and boring genealogy which contains no interest whatsoever to the average reader. The matter continues in such a way until the beginning of Mahone's military career, and the one phase of his life that is interesting Mr. Blake barely touches! Here it is

evident that Mr. Blake is obviously more concerned with the development of railroad transportation than with William Mahone.

Then the reader is taken through long pages of the reconstruction, through Mahone's political career, and up to the last chapter the reading retains the air of a reference book.

But the last chapter! It is the answer to the avid biography reader's dream. In it Mr. Blake does his summing up, and it is one of the most brilliant passages of biography written in recent years. The essence of the whole book is gathered together here and expressed in such a competent manner that it seems remote from the rest of the book. It was worth the reading of the whole book to gain the satisfaction of those last twenty pages or so. All we can say is, "By all means read it!"



7

READ OUR
ADVERTISEMENTS



HAMPDEN-SYDNEY COLLEGE

1776 - 1937

Has sent out from its halls a remarkable number of leaders and successful men in every walk of life, and in every profession.

Has always adhered to high standards of scholarship and gentlemanly conduct.

Has had, throughout its history, a large number of Petersburg boys among its students.

And looks forward with pleasure to a continuance of this patronage.

For catalogue and information, write

REGISTRAR, Hampden-Sydney, Va.

The student is taught to know the value of time. We are taught to save valuable time. It is the keystone of the communications business. It once took days to convey intelligence from one place to another, now it is only a matter of seconds. Aside from intercity communication, there is valuable time wasted in homes and offices because enough telephones are not conveniently located. Add additional ones, and you will be surprised to learn how much time is saved, and besides foot transportation is expensive.

Call 12000 (Business Office) to ascertain how cheaply services are furnished.

**The Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company
of Virginia
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA**

The
MORRIS PLAN BANK
of Virginia

Complete Banking Facilities for the
INDIVIDUAL

Northrup Sport Shop

ATHLETIC SUPPLIES

NORFOLK, - VIRGINIA

Blackwell Smith's Drug Store

WASHINGTON AND SOUTH STS.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Phone 575

Harlow-Hardy Co.

—o—

FURNITURE

STOVES

FLOOR COVERINGS, Etc.

17-19 W. Washington Street

Phone 919

— USE —

WOOD'S

Best

ICE CREAM

"FAMOUS FOR ITS FLAVOR"

Petersburg Phone 626

Hopewell Phone Dial 2230

Exchange Photographs

With your Classmates. It's a general way of acknowledging friendships of keeping school memories fresh.

THE REES STUDIO

104 N. Sycamore Street

"THE PHOTOGRAPHER IN YOUR CITY"


... The ...

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

of Petersburg, Virginia

Resources over \$2,500,000.00

MASTER CHEVROLET SALES, Inc.

SALES  SERVICE

The Complete Car — Completely New

PHONE 200

40 E. BANK ST.

R. C. Bristow & Son

PIANOS — RADIOS
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

—o—

11 North Sycamore Street
Phone 2065

Freshness and arrangement are what
count with —

Flowers

A.G. Smith & Sons
FLORISTS

PHONE 11

ELITE Cigar Store

SODA — BILLIARDS
"THE SPORT CENTER"

—o—

Phone 234
133 North Sycamore Street
Opp. Rucker-Rosenstock

Smoke
WINGS
Cigarettes

A PETERSBURG PRODUCT

E. E. JOHNSON HOMEMADE CANDIES

PHONE 1236
W. Washington St., Cor. Dunlop

We Call and Deliver

GIVE US A TRIAL

THANK YOU

**Moonshine Cleaners
and Dyers**

Fred Harfoush, Prop.
128 S Avenue Phone 1141
PETERSBURG, VA.

Petersburg Motor Company, Inc.

Authorized Dealers

Sales  Service

CARS — TRUCKS

10-12 N. Market St. Phone 873
Petersburg, Virginia

McKENNEY Furniture Co., Inc.

PETERSBURG'S
NEW FURNITURE STORE

J. D. McKenney.....President
F. D. McKenney.....Sec'y.-Treas.

Farel Destin Beauty Salon

"THE SMARTEST SHOP IN TOWN"

Creators of Distinguishing Hair Styles

Phone 27 105 N. Sycamore St.

Sanitary Grocery Co.

(Incorporated)

OWNING AND OPERATING

Sanitary Stores

LOW PRICE LEADERS. . . .

. . . . WHERE QUALITY COUNTS

Willis Coal Co. Gresham & Ware

OWNERS

"ALL BEST GRADES"

Phone 625 128 N. Market St.

Household



Equipment

RCA-VICTOR, ZENITH AND
STROMBERG-CARLSON RADIOS

SALES & SERVICE

Carr's Radio Shop

5 North Sycamore Street

Powers' News Store

MAGAZINES — NEWSPAPERS

CANDY — CIGARS

—O—

Phone 1485 246 N. Sycamore St.
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

O. P. Hare Drug Co.

"The Prescription Druggist"

—O—

*Whitman Candies
School Supplies*

PHONE 145

GRAY - BEASLEY
STUDIO - OF - THE - DANCE
124-A N. Sycamore Street
PETERSBURG, VA.

The Powers School of Dancing

S T U D I O
113½ N. Sycamore St.

Classes

For Both Boys and Girls from Two
Years of Age up.
Also Special Adult Class
All Types of Dancing

SUNSHINE
Cleaners & Dyers

L. W. SIMS, Prop.

210 — PHONES — 211

909-911 W. Washington Street

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Our High School . . .

THE GREATEST ASSET WE HAVE

It is a pleasure and a privilege to
support it in all its activities

**Petersburg Notion
Company, Inc.**

223 N. SYCAMORE STREET

**Ellerslie Co-operative
Dairy, Inc.**

PURE DAIRY PRODUCTS

The Home of Quality

M I L K

37 SYCAMORE STREET

PHONE 1868

KENT'S, Inc.

DEPENDABLE

Furniture

Since 1897

PHILCO and SPARTON

RADIOS

KELVINATOR REFRIGERATORS

BUY BETTER

**FOUNTAIN PENS and
PENCILS**

Made by

Southern Pen Co.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

MODEL LAUNDRY

Cleaning — Pressing

—O—

48 S. UNION STREET
PHONE 241

—O—

WILLIAMSON BROS. & CO., Inc.

**The Century and
Palace Theatres**

"GOOD SHOWS ALWAYS"

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

**Standard James Shoe
Company**

—
"FOR BETTER SHOES"
—

124 N. Sycamore Street

Citizens Cab Co., Inc.

24-HOUR SERVICE

**OUR CABS ARE INSURED
AND HEATED**

PHONE 743

DR. E. C. ELLIS

OPTOMETRIST

8 N. Sycamore Street
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

PAUL ROGERS

INC.

Gifts

and

Art Wares

117 SYCAMORE STREET

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

**Petersburg Furniture
Company, Inc.**

HOME FURNISHERS

"Your Credit Is Good"

100 N. SYCAMORE STREET

PHONE 223

T. S. Beckwith & Co.

ENGRAVING

**BOOKS, STATIONERY and
OFFICE SUPPLIES**

Visiting Cards, Announcements,
Crests, Wedding Invitations
Monograms Engraved in
the Latest Styles.

**J. B. Worth
Peanut Co.**

—o—

*Spanish
Peanuts*

MAKE THE

Bluebird

and

Rex

YOUR THEATRES

Geo. D. Jones
COAL

PHONE 1193
FLOWERS FOR ALL
OCCASIONS
TURNES, The Florist
210 NEW STREET
PETERSBURG, - VIRGINIA

JEWELRY GIFTS
THAT PLEASE
GELLMAN'S, Inc.
Jewelers
BULOVA WATCH AGENCY
212 N. Sycamore Street
Union Trust Building

A. & P. Food Stores
— Featuring —
QUALITY FOODS
AT LOW PRICE

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING STORE
and FURNISHINGS
Lubman's Men's Shop
HYMIE - LEONARD - ABE
231 N. Sycamore St. Phone 2638

**Roper Lumber
Company**
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

IF IT IS
CANDY
YOU WANT INSIST ON
Schrafft's
Distributed By
H. P. Harrison Co.
(Incorporated)
PHONE 90

RIDE A GOODRICH STREAMLINE
BICYCLE
PAY AS YOU RIDE
Easy Terms
**Goodrich Silvertown
Stores**
28 - 30 W. BANK STREET
Phone No. 7

GOOD VISION

means

HEALTH - HAPPINESS - SUCCESS

So why delay in having your eyes
examined?

OUR CHARGES ARE REASONABLE

Quick Optical Repairs

Mark E. Holt

Jeweler and Optometrist

READY-TO-WEAR

For Ladies who Care
at Prices Reasonable

•

MAX TOBIAS, Inc.

235 N. SYCAMORE STREET

Harris-Brenaman

Incorporated

—o—

Athletic Supplies

SPORTING GOODS

—o—

102 NORTH SIXTH STREET

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Telephone 3-2241

Maxine Welch

School of Dancing

STUDIO: 129 N. Sycamore Street

Phone 2255

All Types of Dancing

Phone 1657-W

Sollod's Clothing Shop

"SOLID BUILT CLOTHES"
FOR MEN AND BOYS

Always the Newest in Haberdashery

220 N. SYCAMORE STREET

Paints

ELECTRIC
and
PLUMBING
FIXTURES



VALSPAR
withstands
the
Boiling Oil
Test

Dixie Supply Co.

Bollingbrook St.

Petersburg, Va.

SILVERWARE

D
I
A
M
O
N
D
S

VIRGINIA'S LARGEST JEWELRY STORE

•

C. F. LAUTERBACH'S SONS

122 N. SYCAMORE STREET

PETERSBURG, - VIRGINIA

J
E
W
E
L
R
Y

PHONE 529

**Bristow's Service
Grocery**

Jas. E. Bristow, Prop.

MEAT MARKET

Phones 56 & 57

Corner West and Hinton Streets

PETERSBURG, VA.

The Globe Dept. Store

EXCLUSIVE READY-TO-WEAR

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

THE BEST IN MILL WORK AND
BUILDING MATERIALS
ALWAYS

**Petersburg Builders'
Supply Co., Inc.**

"Everything to Build With"



"GOOD LUCK TO THE
FOOTBALL TEAM!"

**Young-Harrison
and Company**

—o—

CLOTHING

for Men and Boys

—o—

22 N. SYCAMORE STREET

**Sycamore
Service
Station**

19 S. SYCAMORE STREET

—o—

PHONE 918

Tire Service — Battery Service

Virginia Printing Company, Inc.

Printers of "THE MISSILE"

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO SCHOOL WORK

22 - 24 East Bank Street

TELEPHONE 67



Delta Oil Company

Distributors

Petroleum Products

100% LOCALLY OWNED AND OPERATED



CORNER DRUG STORE
Syc. & Bank Sts.
Phone 81

SOUTHWORTH'S DRUG STORES

BANKS DRUG STORE
Wash. & Syc. Sts.
Phone 39

SHOES

WEAR THEM

or

LOOK AT THEM

for

GOOD LOOKS & COMFORT

— See —

D. D. Adkins

The Petersburg High School Students are to be congratulated on their efforts to improve their publications. The Progress-Index joins a proud community in wishing the students much success in their scholastic life and in their careers. We are proud to publish the "Weekly School News" for the students of P. H. S. Watch for it in the

Progress-Index Every Week

"LIVE LONGER AND HAPPIER"
GET IN THE PLAY OF FALL AND WINTER
S P O R T S

If you are a hunter —

GUNS — CLOTHING — BOOTS — AMMUNITION
BASKETBALL — FOOTBALL — TENNIS — GOLF

Our Hobby is Furnishing the Accessories for Your Fun!

CHAS. LEONARD HARDWARE CO., Inc.

WEST BANK STREET

PHONES 2300 - 2301

Chamber of Commerce

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

**Petersburg Insurance
Company, Inc.**

PHONE No. 2

Insurance of all kinds plus
real service

Lavenstein, Inc.
"The Store of Fashion"

Phone 164

Totty's Pharmacy

COR. SYCAMORE & HALIFAX

Phone 14 — We Deliver

Let us fill your next Prescription
Registered Pharmacists on duty
at all times.

RUCKER
ROSENSTOCK . . .

FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLE THAT A STORE
EARNS THE RIGHT TO EXIST ONLY AS IT SERVES.

JORDAN & HOWERTON

CREDIT
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS

Buy at the sign of the
"FLASHING DIAMOND"

123 N. SYCAMORE STREET

PHONE 1894

G.C. WILSON & COMPANY

Inc.

REAL ESTATE - INSURANCE

112 WEST TABB ST.

PETERSBURG, VA.

PHONE 123

— G A S —

— *always at your service* —

N I G H T A N D D A Y

— o —

USE IT, BUT DO NOT WASTE IT

ESTABLISHED 1860

Petersburg Savings & American Trust Co.

"The Oldest Bank in the Oldest State in the United States"



The PIRATES DEN

Specializing in
Sandwiches
and
Drinks

Washington Street Road, ½ Mile from
City Limits

James R. Harrison Company

Wm. G. Traylor

GENERAL AUCTIONEER

DON'T WEEP LET ME DO
YOUR CRYING.

PHONE 218

A NEW
PETERSBURG INDUSTRY

R. L. Arnold Pen Company, Inc.

Write with a
PEN MADE IN PETERSBURG

City Savings and Loan Corporation

4% On Investments

Union Trust Building
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

PLUMBING • HEATING

OIL BURNERS

IRON FIREMAN STOKER

for Residences, Apartments, Churches
and Stores.

Installations and Materials Guaranteed.

Lucius W. Andrews

13½ N. Sycamore St.
Phone 1391 Petersburg, Va.



— See —

City Point Motor Co.

— for —

HUDSON and TERRAPLANE
CARS

Rodgers-Plummer & Company

SPANISH PEANUTS

PETERSBURG, VA.

Oliver E. Crocker

Distributor and Operator of Legal Amusement Vending Machines
and Automatic Phonographs

"Machines That Click"

Compliments of

Titmus Optical Co.

Mrs. Spotswood's Secretarial School

7th Floor Union Trust Building

PETERSBURG, VA.

Telephone 1657-R

FOR
ENERGY and VITALITY
EAT
GOLDEN KRUST BREAD
MANN'S BAKERY

235 — Phones — 618

PETERSBURG, VA.

Dr. L. E. Rayhorn

(Optometric)

EYE SPECIALIST

Petersburg, Va.

Phone 2418

Jones-Rosenstock, Inc.

- CLOTHING
- HATS
- FURNISHINGS

Phone 808 104 N. Sycamore St.

PETERSBURG, VA.

E. B. MOORE - C. F. FAISON REALTY COMPANY

Real Estate Brokers and Auctioneers

PETERSBURG, VA.

4th Floor Union Trust Building

Phone 661

COMFORT and DEPENDABILITY
Featured in our
COMBUSTIONEER
AUTOMATIC COAL STOKER
Phone 85 for Estimate
JACKSON COAL CO.

635 GROVE AVE.
Coal for all types of Stokers carried
in stock — Oil Treated, too.

EARL ELEY

Commercial

SIGNS

For All Purposes

PHONE 268-J

11 E. Washington St. - Petersburg, Va.

Support

P. H. S.

ACTIVITIES



